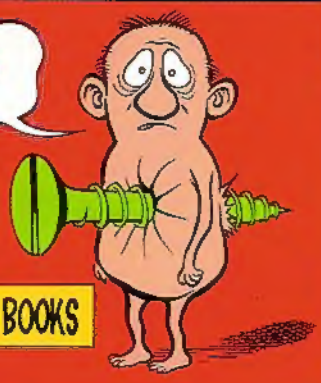
EIGHT BALL

FOR MATURE READERS



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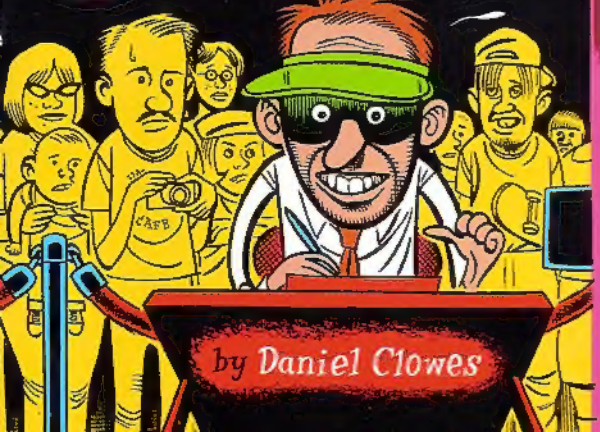
FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

#14

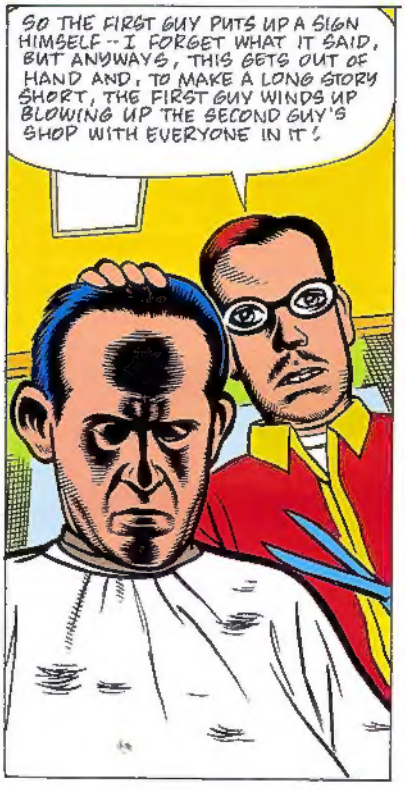
SAY! That's my LUCKY NUMBER!



by Daniel Clowes

"MAN WONDERS OVER THE RESTLESS SEA, THE FLOWING WATERS, THE SIGHT OF THE SKY, AND FORGETS THAT OF ALL WONDERS *MAN HIMSELF* IS THE MOST WONDERFUL"

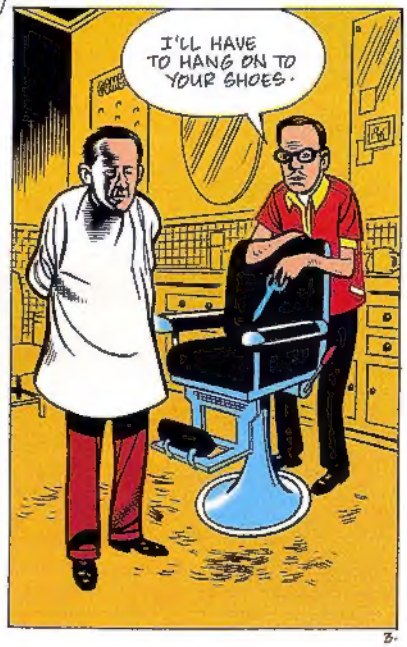
THE GOLD MOMMY



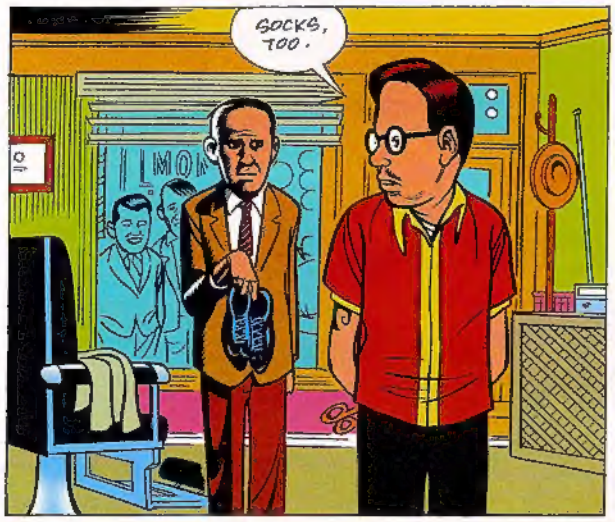
I COULDN'T REALLY FOLLOW WHAT HE WAS SAYING. TWO MEN WERE WATCHING ME THROUGH THE WINDOW. I THOUGHT MAYBE THEY WERE COPS, THOUGH I HAD DONE NOTHING WRONG...

JUST THEN I REMEMBERED I DIDN'T HAVE ANY MONEY... I FELT A SUDDEN FLUSH OF NAUSEOUS DREAD... I WAITED FOR A PAUSE IN HIS STORY...

I GOT UP AND EXPLAINED THAT I HAD MADE A MISTAKE AND WOULD PAY HIM LATER... HE COULD TELL THAT I WAS LYING, EVEN THOUGH I WASN'T. I COULDN'T BLAME HIM; MY MOVEMENTS HAD SEEMED REHEARSED AND UNNATURAL. HE LOOKED LIKE HE WAS GOING TO CRY.



I GUESS THAT WAS HIS POLICY FOR PEOPLE WHO DIDN'T PAY. THERE WAS A WHOLE CLOSET FULL OF SHOES IN THE BACK. I FIGURED WHAT THE HELL ... I WAS WEARING HEAVY SOCKS AND, REALLY, I WAS IN NO POSITION TO ARGUE...

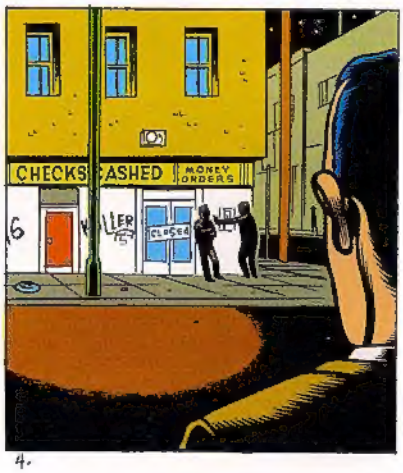


THE BARBER CONVEYED SUCH A PROFOUND SENSE OF DISAPPOINTMENT-- I TRIED TO MAKE IT CLEAR BY MY SOLEMN COMPLICITY THAT I INTENDED TO RETURN AND CONTINUE THE HAIRCUT... THE CLOSET OF SHOES STRUCK ME AS UNBEARABLY SAD ... I COULD HEAR THE TWO MEN OUTSIDE LAUGHING AS I TOOK OFF MY SOCKS...

THE MEN WATCHED ME LEAVE BUT DID NOT FOLLOW... I DECIDED TO WALK AROUND AND LOOK FOR A PLACE THAT WOULD CASH AN OUT-OF-STATE CHECK...

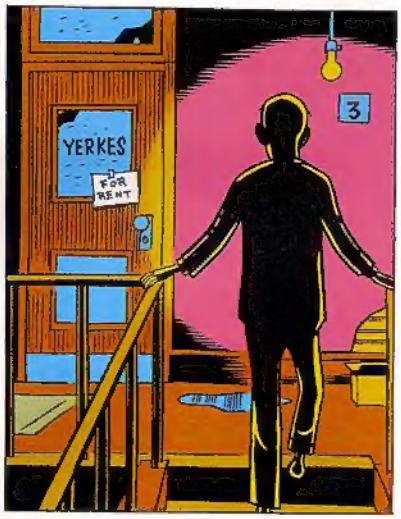
AFTER WALKING FOR SEVERAL MILES WITH NO LUCK, I REALIZED I WAS BACK IN MY OLD NEIGHBORHOOD--WHERE I GREW UP... I HADN'T BEEN THERE FOR ALMOST TWENTY YEARS. IT WAS A QUIET RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD BACK THEN...

I WALKED SEEMINGLY AT RANDOM, WITHOUT THINKING, AND EVENTUALLY WOUND UP AT A CHECK-CASHING PLACE, ONLY IT WAS CLOSED... I WONDERED HOW I KNEW TO COME HERE SINCE THIS PLACE CERTAINLY WASN'T THERE TWENTY YEARS AGO, AND THEN IT HIT ME -- MY DAD'S OFFICE USED TO BE IN THAT BUILDING...



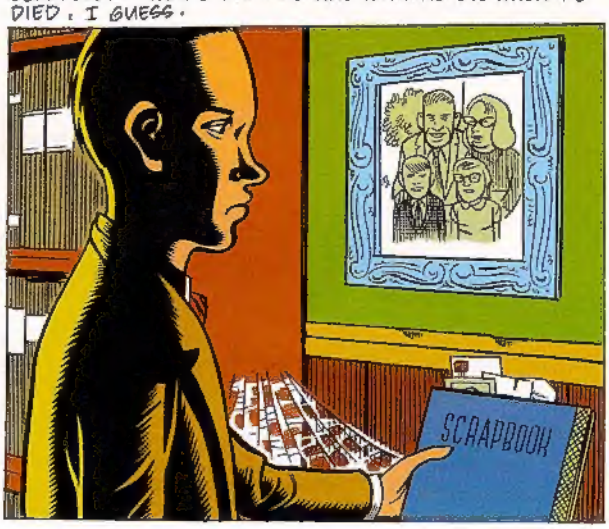
I FIGURED I'D GO IN AND HAVE A LOOK... NOT THAT I EXPECTED TO SEE ANYTHING SINCE THE OLD MAN HAD BEEN DEAD FOR TWENTY-TWO YEARS...

BUT THERE IT WAS... YOU COULD STILL READ THE NAME ON THE DOOR... THE OLD MAN HAD BROUGHT ME THERE A FEW TIMES AS A KID BUT I NEVER WENT INSIDE, I DON'T THINK...



THE DOOR WAS OPEN. IT LOOKED LIKE NOBODY HAD BEEN IN THERE SINCE MY DAD DIED. I COULDN'T FIGURE OUT WHY NO ONE HAD STOLEN ANYTHING, OR AT LEAST VANDALIZED THE PLACE... THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF BOOKS, ALL APPARENTLY WRITTEN IN LONGHAND BY MY FATHER, THOUGH IT WAS TOO DARK TO READ ANYTHING...

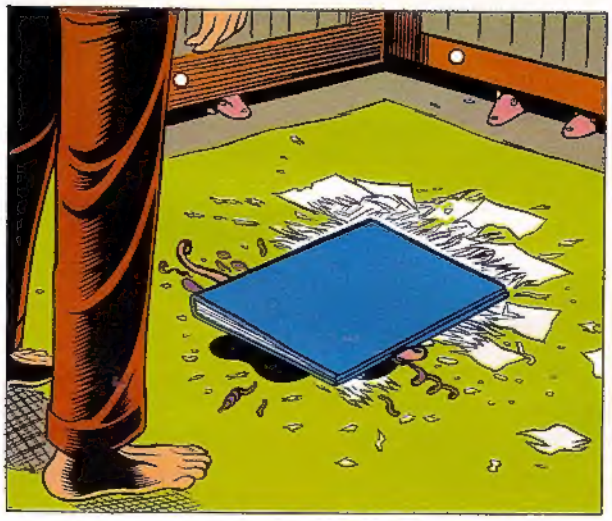
THERE WAS A PICTURE ON THE WALL OF MY DAD WITH A FAMILY I HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE... I COULDN'T BELIEVE NOBODY HAD STOLEN THE FRAME. IT LOOKED LIKE SOLID SILVER... SITTING ON HIS DESK WAS A HALF-FINISHED SCRAPBOOK. THAT'S WHAT HE WAS WORKING ON WHEN HE DIED, I GUESS.



ON TOP WAS A POSTCARD MY PARENTS HAD ADDRESSED TO ME BUT NEVER SENT. IT WAS A PICTURE OF THE STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC WHICH, ACCORDING TO THE CARD, I REFERRED TO AS "THE GOLD MOMMY" WHEN I WAS LITTLE...

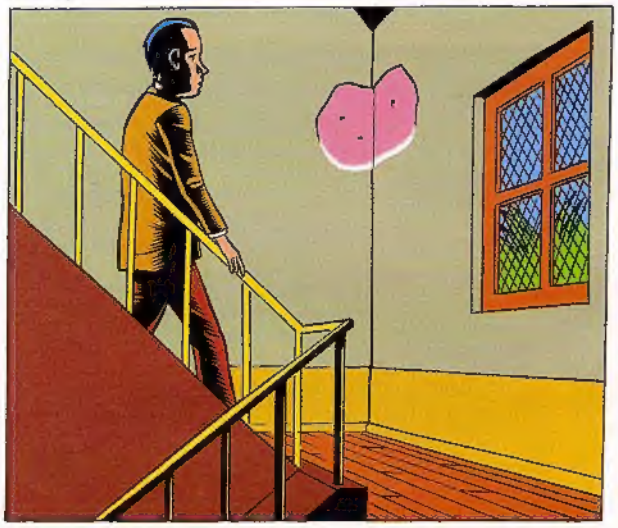
I'M STILL NOT EXACTLY SURE WHAT THE OLD MAN DID FOR A LIVING... I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS A LAWYER OR AN ACCOUNTANT, SOMETHING LIKE THAT... THERE WERE NO CLUES IN THAT OFFICE... WE ALWAYS HAD ENOUGH MONEY, ANYWAY... BEHIND ME, I HEARD WHAT I THOUGHT WERE SOME RATS...

I GOT ONE WITH THE SCRAPBOOK, BUT THE OTHERS GOT AWAY... IT TURNED OUT THEY WEREN'T RATS. THEY LOOKED LIKE PIGLETS, OR HAIRLESS CHIHUAHUAS... ALMOST HUMAN... I COULD SEE MY NAME OVER AND OVER IN THE PAPERS THEY SHREDDED FOR THEIR NEST...



IT BEGAN TO OCCUR TO ME THAT EVERYTHING IN THE ROOM HAD SOME DEEPLY PERSONAL MEANING TO ME... WHY WOULDN'T IT? AT THE SAME TIME, I BECAME AWARE THAT THE ENTIRE ROOM WAS INFESTED WITH BUGS... TINY, ALMOST INVISIBLE CENTIPEDES AND SILVERFISH --THAT SORT OF THING... NO WONDER NOBODY EVER CAME IN HERE...

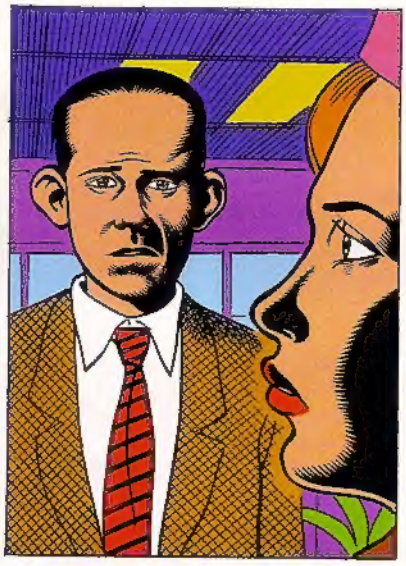
I HAD TO GET OUT OF THERE BEFORE I WAS COMPLETELY COVERED WITH BUGS... ON MY WAY DOWN THE BACK STAIRS, IT DAWNED ON ME THAT MY OLD HOUSE--THE HOUSE I GREW UP IN--USED TO BE ACROSS THE ALLEY FROM THIS PLACE...



THE HOUSE WAS GONE. THERE WAS A FAST-FOOD PLACE ON THE LOT NOW. I WONDERED WHERE THEY PUT ALL MY STUFF FROM WHEN I WAS A KID... THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER LOOKED VAGUELY FAMILIAR BUT I COULDN'T QUITE MAKE HER OUT FROM ACROSS THE ALLEY...

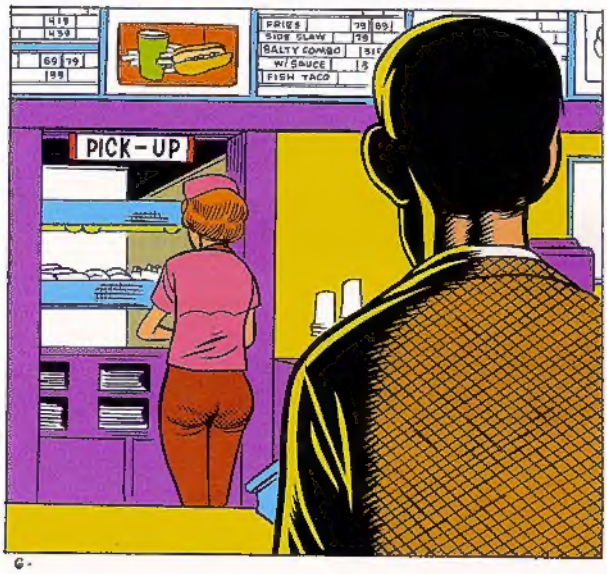
IT WAS MY SISTER. HOW WEIRD THAT SHE WOULD BE WORKING HERE, NOT TEN FEET FROM WHERE WE USED TO HANG OUR STOCKINGS ON CHRISTMAS EVE...

I FIGURED I'D BETTER ORDER SOMETHING SO HER BOSS WOULDN'T GET MAD IF HE SAW US TALKING...

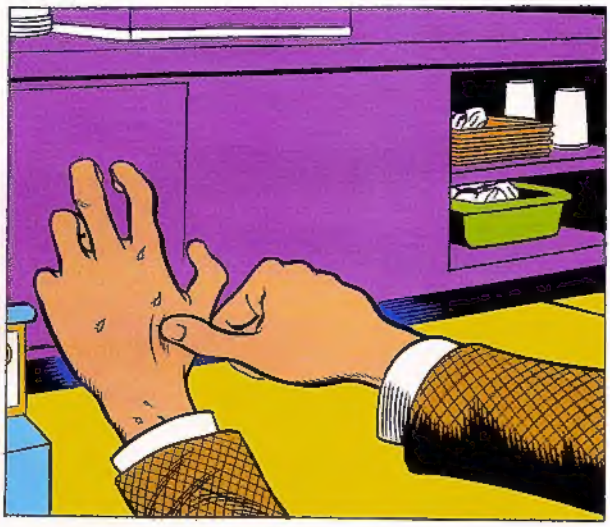


I ASKED HER IF ANYONE WAS GOING TO TAKE CARE OF THE STUFF IN DAD'S OFFICE, AND IF SHE KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT THOSE BOOKS...

I WONDERED IF SHE EVER THOUGHT ABOUT ME OR ABOUT US WHEN WE WERE KIDS... WHY SHOULD SHE, I GUESS? THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO.

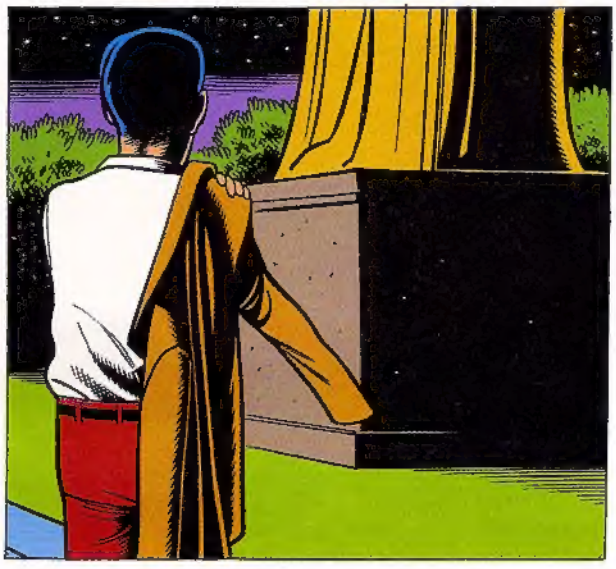


I LOOKED DOWN AT MY HAND. I HADN'T GOTTEN RID OF ALL THE BUGS... ALSO, I STILL HADN'T CASHED THAT CHECK, SO I COULDN'T PAY FOR MY DINNER. I FIGURED I SHOULD PROBABLY JUST SLIP OUT BEFORE SHE GOT IN TROUBLE...

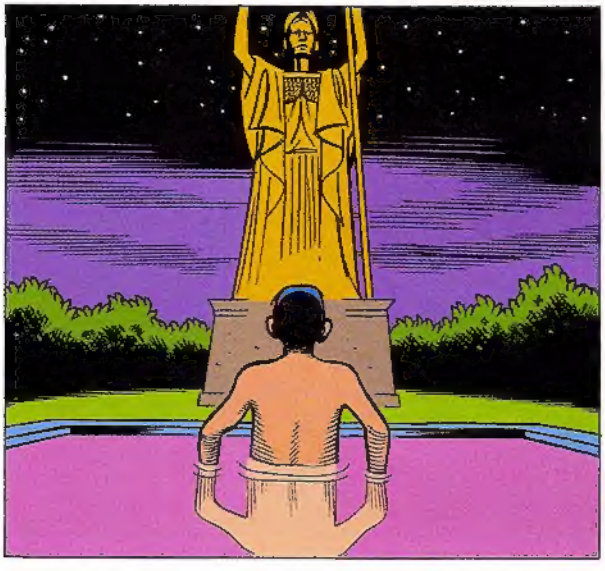


FOR SOME REASON THE BUSES WERE RUNNING FOR FREE AFTER MIDNIGHT... MAYBE THEY DIDN'T WANT PEOPLE DRIVING DRUNK ON WEEKENDS... ANYWAY, I DECIDED TO GO TAKE A LOOK AT THE STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC... NOT FOR ANY PARTICULAR REASON, JUST SOMETHING TO DO...

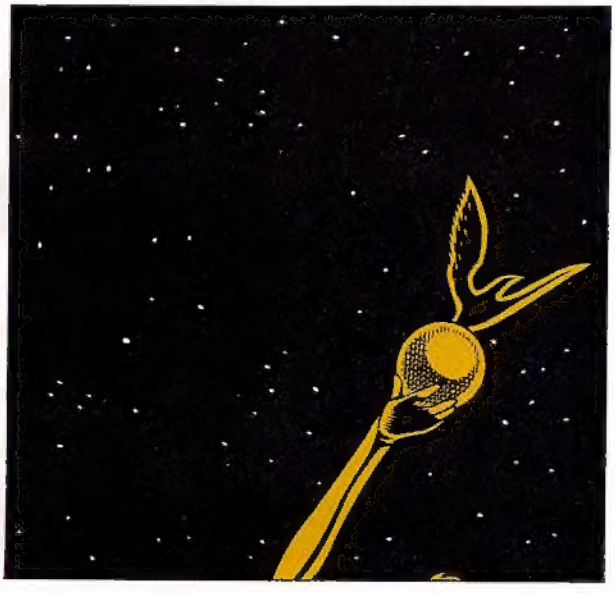
BY THE TIME I GOT THERE, I WAS PRACTICALLY GOING CRAZY FROM THE BUGS... IT FELT LIKE THEY WERE BREEDING AND MULTIPLYING UNDER MY SKIN...



THE ITCHING STOPPED IMMEDIATELY WHEN I GOT IN THE WATER. IT WAS ICE COLD ON TOP, BUT THE DEEPER YOU WENT, THE WARMER IT GOT...



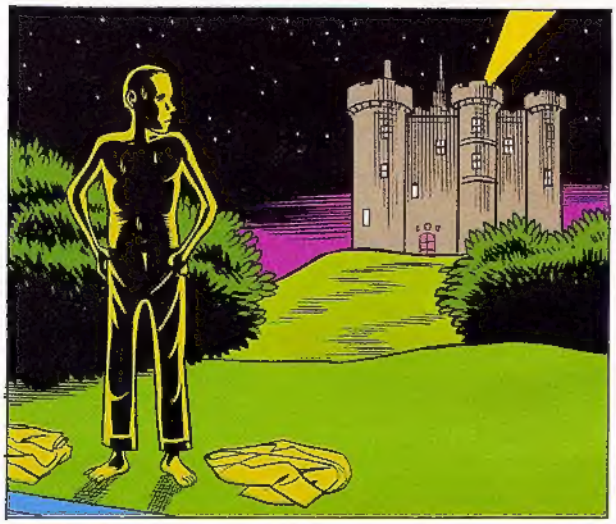
ALL AT ONCE I FELT PURIFIED... IT WAS A MOMENT OF EUPHORIC CLEANLINESS... A SECOND BAPTISM.



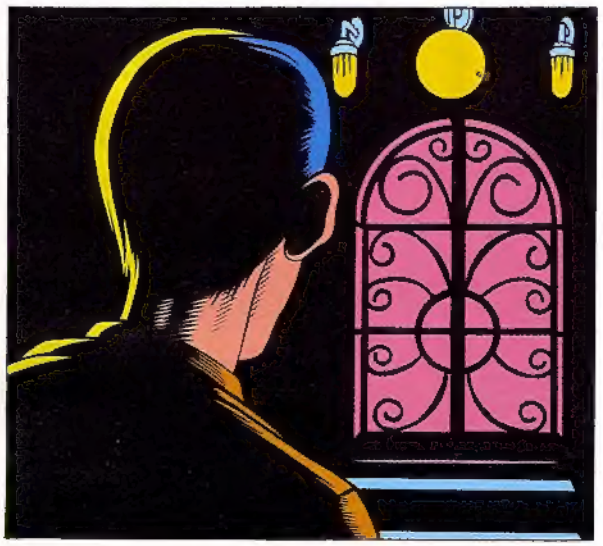
I STAYED UNDER AS LONG AS I COULD. I FELT THAT I WOULD EMERGE ANEW -- A DIFFERENT PERSON, UNENCUMBERED BY HISTORY...

BUT WHEN I CAME UP, THE MOMENT HAD PASSED. THE WATER WAS STICKY AND POLLUTED, AND THE AIR SMELLED LIKE A SICKENING BLEND OF BURNING HAIR AND ORANGES...

I FELT REALLY STUPID... NOW I WAS SOAKING WET AND IT WAS GETTING COLDER... THERE WAS AN OLD CASTLE (OR SOMETHING) THAT WAS ALL LIT UP ABOUT HALF A MILE AWAY... I FIGURED MAYBE I COULD WALK UP THERE AND LOOK AROUND UNTIL I WAS DRIED OFF...

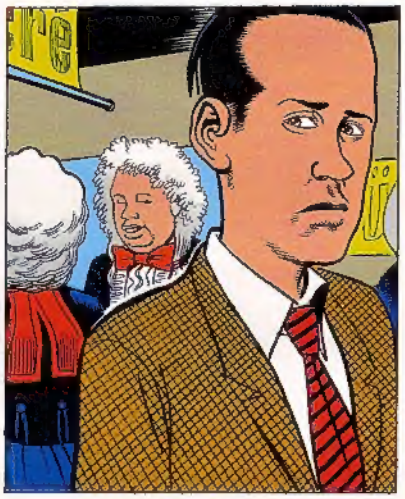


IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOME KIND OF MODERN REPLICA, BECAUSE I REALLY DIDN'T REMEMBER IT FROM WHEN I WAS A KID... KIDS ARE USUALLY INTERESTED IN CASTLES AND STUFF LIKE THAT...



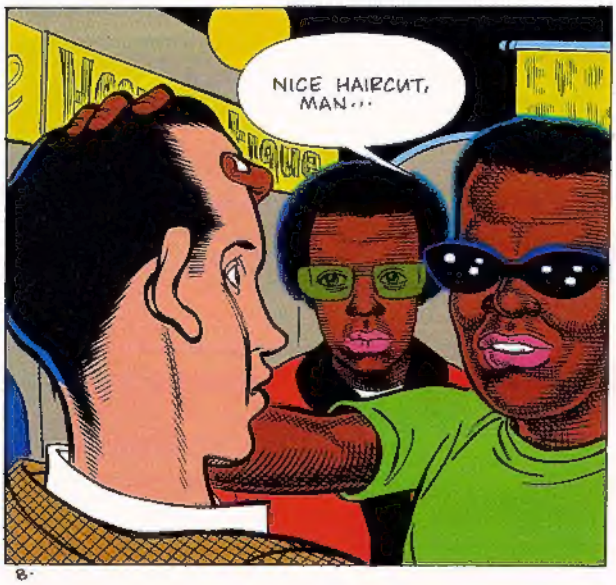
INSIDE, IT WAS A -- I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS -- A KIND OF PHONY EUROPEAN INDOOR MALL?

I THINK THERE WAS AN OPERA HOUSE OR A THEATER OR SOMETHING IN THE BUILDING... I GOT THE IDEA THAT A LOT OF THE PEOPLE WERE DRESSED UP AS CHARACTERS FROM THE SHOW THEY HAD JUST SEEN...



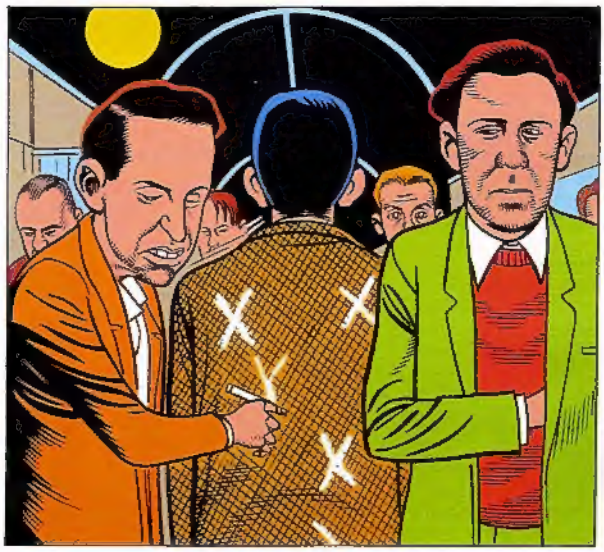
IT SEEMED LIKE EVERYONE THERE KNEW EACH OTHER... THERE WAS A SORT OF TANGIBLE UNITY THAT I WAS NOT PART OF...

I STARTED TO FEEL MORE AND MORE UNCOMFORTABLE... I WAS WISHING I HAD NEVER GONE IN THERE...

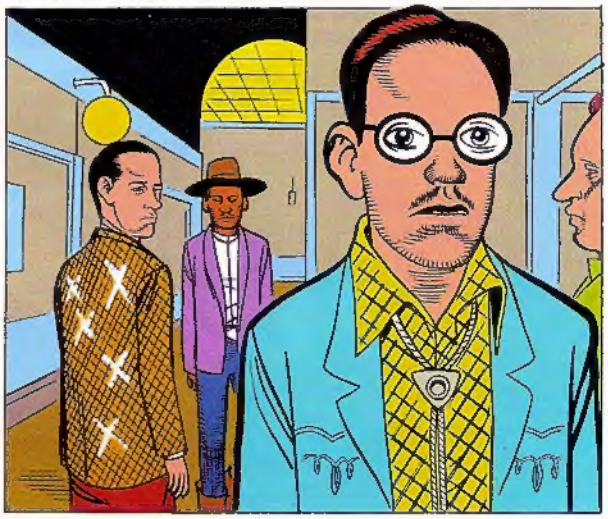


I WANTED TO GET OUT BEFORE SOMETHING HAPPENED, BUT I COULDN'T THINK OF HOW TO DO IT WITHOUT ATTRACTING EVEN MORE ATTENTION...

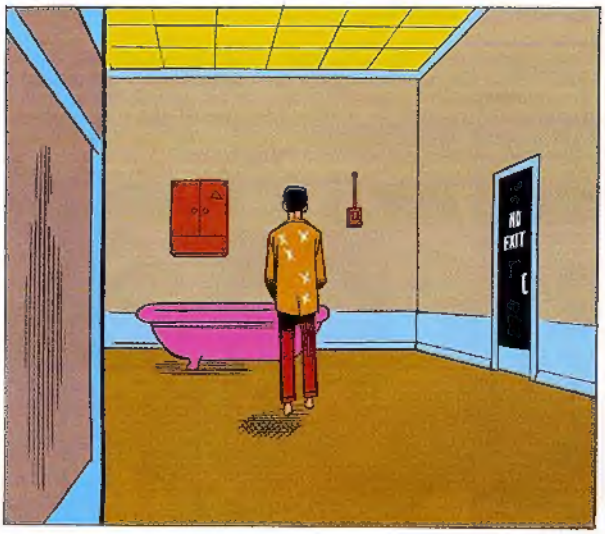
I WAS WALKING AGAINST A TIDE OF PEOPLE. I FELT LIKE I'D BETTER GET OUT OF THERE, NO MATTER WHAT...



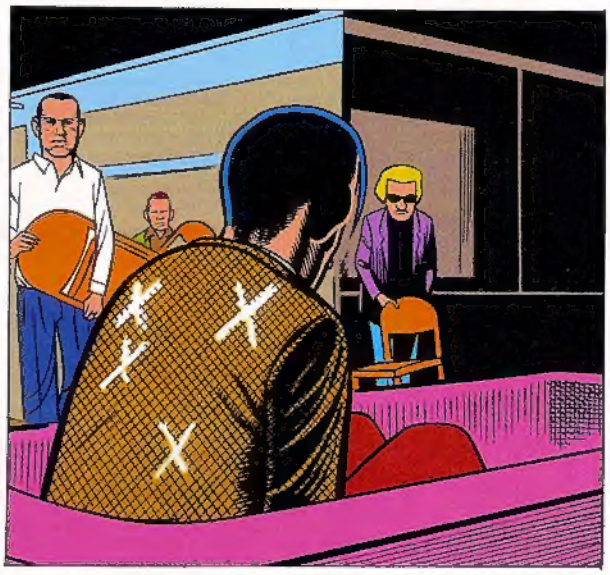
IN THE CROWD I SAW THE BARBER FROM EARLIER IN THE EVENING... I WAS HAPPY TO SEE SOMEONE FAMILIAR AND I WAVED TO HIM, BUT HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE ME. I GUESS HE SEES A LOT OF CUSTOMERS EVERY DAY.



EVENTUALLY, THE CROWD THINNED OUT AND I WAS ALONE AT THE END OF A HALLWAY. I FELT LIKE THIS WAS MY CHANCE TO REST A MINUTE AND COLLECT MY THOUGHTS.



PRETTY SOON, THEY FOUND OUT WHERE I WAS... I COULDN'T DECIDE WHAT TO DO SO I JUST SAT THERE.



ONE OF THOSE GUYS WHO WAS FOLLOWING ME WAS THERE... I STARTED TO FEEL LIKE I HAD BEEN SET-UP... LIKE I HAD NEVER HAD ANY FREE WILL ALL ALONG.

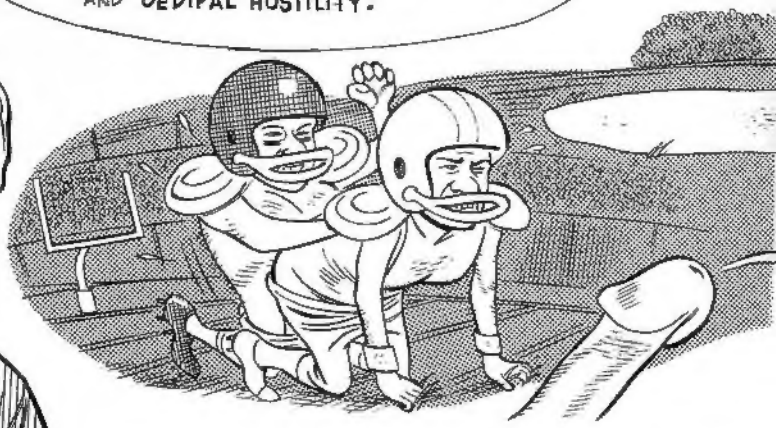
A GUY IN THE THIRD ROW SCREWED TOGETHER A GUN, POINTED IT DIRECTLY AT MY HEAD, AND PULLED THE TRIGGER.

EVERYTHING WENT BLACK AND BEGAN SWIRLING. I FELT WHAT SEEMED LIKE A THOUSAND HOWLING, STICKY BODIES WRITHING AROUND ME IN A HUMID MASS... ABOVE AND BELOW, IN EVERY DIRECTION, SQUIRMING AND PUSHING AGAINST MY SKIN.

On

LISSEN UP, GIRLS! THIS HERE IS COACH PATLAK!* I'VE BEEN ASKED TO TAKE A BREAK FROM TEACHING P.E. TO A BUNCH OF FAIRIES IN 1974 IN ORDER THAT I SHOULD COME HERE AND TALK TO YOU PEOPLE ABOUT THE MEANING OF SPORTS IN OUR SOCIETY. MOST OF US TEND TO THINK OF SPORTS AS A PLEASANT DIVERSION...FUN AND GAMES... A WAY FOR JUNIOR TO "BUILD CHARACTER" AND LEARN "FAIR PLAY"...

THIS IS WRONG. THE SPORTING GREEN IS A FREUDIAN BATTLEGROUND ON WHICH PRIMITIVE PSYCHOSEXUAL CONFLICTS ARE PLAYED OUT USING A SADISTIC LEXICON, BOTH PHYSICAL AND VERBAL, OF SUBLIMATED HOMOSEXUAL RAPE AND OEDIPAL HOSTILITY!



* See pg. 3: "No similarity to persons living or dead... satire..etc."

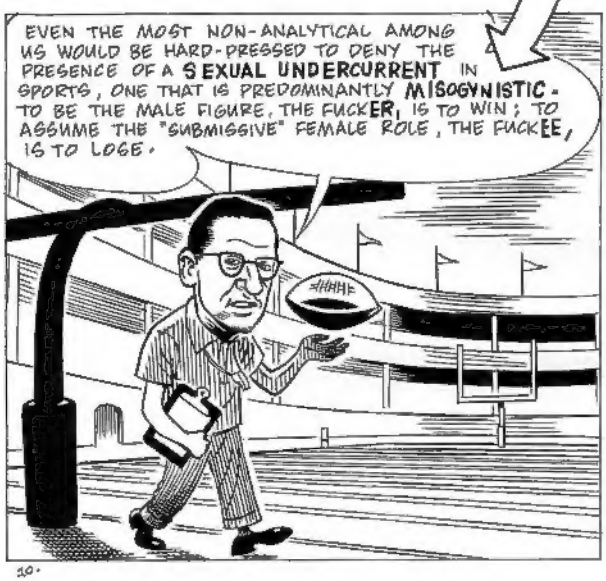
MORE THAN ANY OTHER SPECIES, WE HUMAN BEINGS ENJOY OUR SPORTS, MOSTLY OF THE SPECTATOR VARIETY SINCE WE TEND TO BE A SEDENTARY, VOYEURISTIC LOT...

UNBELIEVA-BULL!

FANTASTIC!

LET'S SEE IF WE CAN SHED SOME LIGHT ON WHY SO MANY PEOPLE (MEN MOSTLY) CARE SO MUCH ABOUT SOMETHING SO STUPID!

EVEN THE MOST NON-ANALYTICAL AMONG US WOULD BE HARD-PRESSED TO DENY THE PRESENCE OF A SEXUAL UNDERCURRENT IN SPORTS, ONE THAT IS PREDOMINANTLY MISOGYNISTIC - TO BE THE MALE FIGURE, THE FUCKER, IS TO WIN; TO ASSUME THE "SUBMISSIVE" FEMALE ROLE, THE FUCKEE, IS TO LOSE.



THE LANGUAGE OF FOOTBALL, FOR EXAMPLE, MAKES THIS VERY CLEAR. THE OBJECT OF THE GAME IS TO ENTER YOUR OPPONENT'S 'END-ZONE' AS OFTEN AS POSSIBLE EMPLOYING A VARIETY OF 'BACKS' AND 'ENDS' (INCLUDING THOSE THAT ARE 'SPLIT' AND 'TIGHT') WHO ATTEMPT TO 'FIND THE HOLE' SO AS TO 'PENETRATE' AS 'DEEPLY' AS POSSIBLE INTO THEIR OPPONENT'S 'TERRITORY'!

SPORTS

GET THE PICTURE? FOOTBALL IS NOTHING MORE THAN A HOMOSEXUAL RITUAL (YOU NEED LOOK NO FURTHER THAN THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN CENTER AND QUARTERBACK) IN WHICH HUGGING AND ASS-PATTING ARE ENCOURAGED AND THE WINNER IS HE WHO CAN **BUTT-FUCK** HIS OPPONENT THE MOST TIMES. THIS SYMBOLIC ACT IS NOT UNLIKE OTHER RITUALS OF **MALE DOMINANCE** SUCH AS **PRISON RAPE** AND WHAT IS REFERRED TO AS **'PRESENTING'** IN REGARD TO THE ANIMAL KINGDOM (WHERE AN APE 'DEFERS' HIS BACKSIDE TO A MORE POWERFUL APE).

IF A PLAYER GOES OUTSIDE THE RULES, HE IS SIGNALLED WITH A YELLOW CLOTH THROWN ON THE FIELD, PERHAPS SUGGESTING THAT HE IS MERELY **MASTURBATING** (THE CLOTH BEING AN 'IMPURE' RAG) RATHER THAN **FUCKING...**

BASEBALL IS MORE SUBTLE BUT NO LESS INTERESTING. THE BATTER EMERGES FROM THE "DUGOUT" (A MODERN SLANG WORD FOR "VAGINA") HOLDING ERECT HIS MIGHTY PHALLUS. THE FIELD AND ESPECIALLY THE ENCLOSED 'DIAMOND' HAVE A DECIDEDLY FEMININE QUALITY, AS DOES 'HOME PLATE' ('HOME' BEING A CLEAR MOTHER/WOMB SYMBOL). HE MUST THEN ATTEMPT TO INTERRUPT THE SADOMASOCHISTIC RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN PITCHER AND CATCHER IN HIS QUEST TO MAKE IT BACK 'HOME'... IT'S A **SICK** GAME!

BASEBALL IS OVERRUN WITH **SEXUALLY IMPLICIT** PHRASES: TO 'HIT THE BALL IN THE HOLE' OR 'THE BASES ARE LOADED' (I.E. 'LOADED' TESTICLES, POISED TO EMPTY), FOR EXAMPLE. AGAIN, THE PLAYER IS **FUCKING**, THOUGH NOT SO MUCH HIS OPPONENT AS THE FIELD (HIS MOTHER?) ITSELF...

POP!

AN OEDIPAL INTERPRETATION CAN BE APPLIED WITH SOME SUCCESS TO VIRTUALLY ALL SPORTS (THE FIELD IS THE MOTHER, THE DEFENDERS WHO ATTEMPT TO PREVENT THE CHILD FROM 'SCORING' ARE THE FATHER, ETC.). THIS IS ESPECIALLY CLEAR IN **BASKETBALL** WHERE THE GOAL IS ADORNED WITH A MATERNAL 'SKIRT'..

SOCCER IS SIMILAR TO SEVERAL OTHER SPORTS, BUT THE LOW EMPHASIS ON SCORING IN THIS MOSTLY NON-AMERICAN SPORT SUGGESTS A DIFFERENT TYPE OF MANLINESS -- THAT OF PROLONGED FOREPLAY (IN OPPOSITION TO THE AMERICAN PREFERENCE FOR FREQUENT 'SCORING').

NO OFFENSIVE PLAYER MAY USE HIS HANDS.. CLEARLY, **MASTURBATION** DOES NOT FIT THIS CODE OF MASCULINITY...

GOLF, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS **EXTREMELY** MASTURBATORY AND OPEN TO MANY INTERPRETATIONS. MINE IS (AGAIN) PRIMARILY OEDIPAL: THE 'POLE' (OR 'FLAG') SYMBOLIZES THE FATHER'S PENIS WHICH MUST BE REPLACED IN THE HOLE BY THE SON'S BALL (SEED) IN THE FEWEST NUMBER OF 'STROKES'...

CHIP!

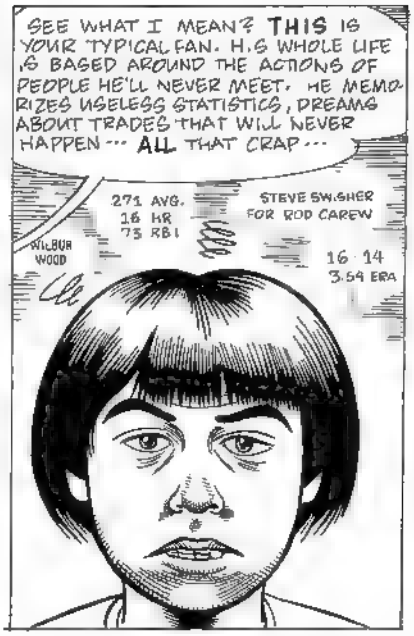
IT'S EASY TO SEE WHY THESE **PENIS-ORIENTED** SPORTS ARE POPULAR WITH (PREDOMINANTLY MALE) ADULTS WHILE EQUALLY MEANINGLESS GAMES, LIKE SAY **RING TOSS** OR **HORSESHOES**, ARE LAUGHED OFF AS SILLY AND IRRELEVANT. WE KNOW IT'S NOT BECAUSE OF THE INTRINSIC VALUE OF THOSE GAMES, BUT BECAUSE THE PLAYER IS **SYMBOLICALLY FEMINIZED**.

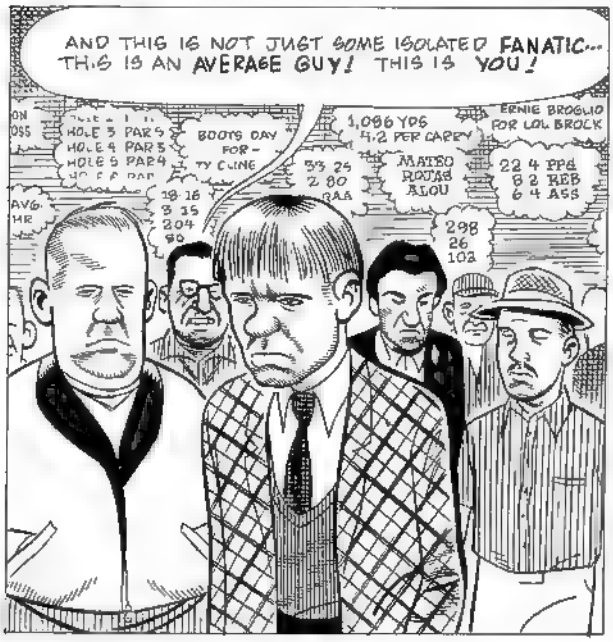
PARDON MY FRENCH, COACH PATLAK, BUT YOU'RE FULLA **SHIT!** ...LOOK, **EVERYBODY** LIKES SPORTS.. ARE YOU SAYING **EVERYBODY** IS A FRUIT OR A PERVERT? 100 MILLION SPORTS FANS CAN'T BE WRONG!

YOU'RE PROVING MY POINT **FOR** ME... WHY WOULD SO MANY PEOPLE WHO DON'T CARE ABOUT MATTERS THAT ACTUALLY AFFECT THEIR LIVES CARE ABOUT SOMETHING SO **TRIVIAL?** WHAT DO **THEY** GET OUT OF IT?

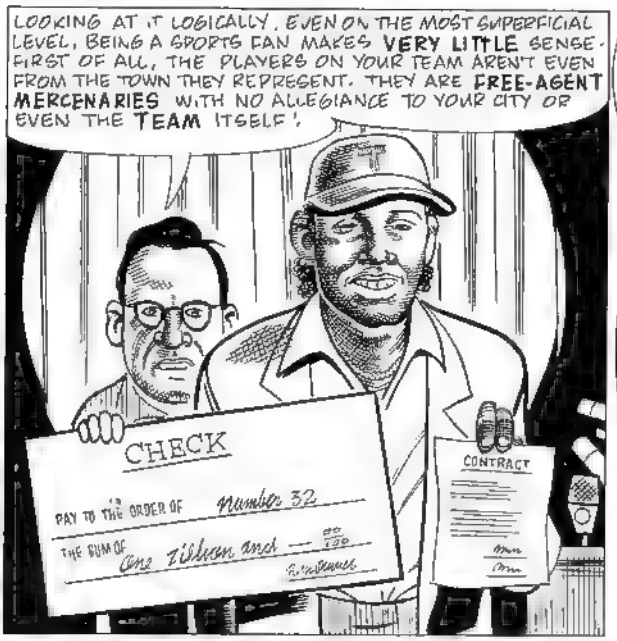
TAKE THIS KID -- A NO-ACCOUNT PATHETIC 4-F LOSER BOOKWORM -- HE'S GOT EVERY REASON TO HATE SPORTS!
HEY CLOUSE! WHAT DID YOU DO LAST SUMMER?

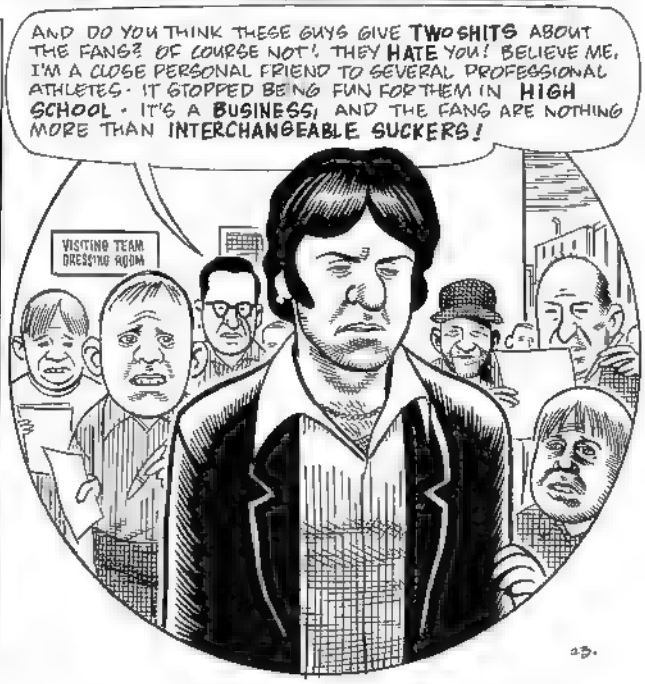
SIR, I WATCHED BASEBALL ON TV, SIR!
AND DID YOU FEEL BAD WHEN YOUR TEAM LOST?
SIR, YES SIR!
THEN YOU MUST HAVE HAD A ROTTEN SUMMER 'CAUSE THE '74 CUBS SUCKED!


SEE WHAT I MEAN? THIS IS YOUR TYPICAL FAN. HIS WHOLE LIFE IS BASED AROUND THE ACTIONS OF PEOPLE HE'LL NEVER MEET. HE MEMORIZES USELESS STATISTICS, DREAMS ABOUT TRADES THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN --- ALL THAT CRAP ---
271 AVG. 16 HR 73 RBI
STEVE SWISHER FOR ROD CAREW
WILBUR WOOD
16 14 3.54 ERA


AND THIS IS NOT JUST SOME ISOLATED FANATIC... THIS IS AN AVERAGE GUY! THIS IS YOU!
BOOTS DAY FOR - TY CLINE
1,086 YDS 4.2 PER CARRY
ERNIE BROGLIO FOR LOU BROCK
MATEO ROJAS ALOU
22 4 PPG 8 2 REB 6 4 ASS
298 26 102

HOW DOES IT HAPPEN? HOW DO WE BECOME FANATICS? IT'S BASICALLY THE SAME AS CATHOLICISM: WE ARE INDOCTRINATED AT AN EARLY AGE AND ONLY IN RARE CASES DO WE EVER REGAIN OUR REASON.
NO! NO WAY! HE LINED-UP OFFSIDE! WHERE'S THE FLAG?!
TOUCHDOWN!


LOOKING AT IT LOGICALLY, EVEN ON THE MOST SUPERFICIAL LEVEL, BEING A SPORTS FAN MAKES VERY LITTLE SENSE. FIRST OF ALL, THE PLAYERS ON YOUR TEAM AREN'T EVEN FROM THE TOWN THEY REPRESENT. THEY ARE FREE-AGENT MERCENARIES WITH NO ALLEGIANCE TO YOUR CITY OR EVEN THE TEAM ITSELF!
CHECK
PAY TO THE ORDER OF Number 32
THE SUM OF One million and
CONTRACT


AND DO YOU THINK THESE GUYS GIVE TWO SHITS ABOUT THE FANS? OF COURSE NOT! THEY HATE YOU! BELIEVE ME, I'M A CLOSE PERSONAL FRIEND TO SEVERAL PROFESSIONAL ATHLETES. IT STOPPED BEING FUN FOR THEM IN HIGH SCHOOL. IT'S A BUSINESS, AND THE FANS ARE NOTHING MORE THAN INTERCHANGEABLE SUCKERS!
VISITING TEAM DRESSING ROOM

SEE INTERPRETING FOLKLORE BY ALAN DUNDES (INDIANA UNIV. PRESS, 1980) FOR A MORE DETAILED DISCUSSION OF 'FREUDIAN FOOTBALL

YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHERE I WAS TODAY...
GUESS!

GHOST WORLD

AT THE RENAISSANCE FAIRE!

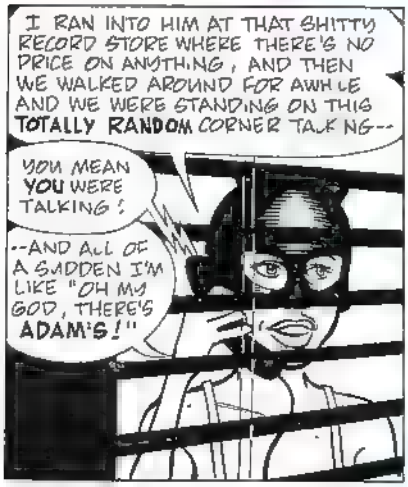
NO, EVEN CREEPIER!
I DUNNO.

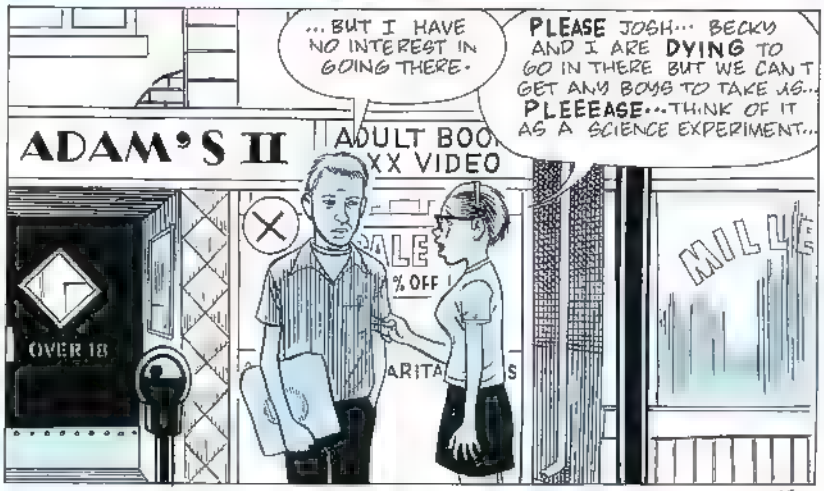
I WENT TO ADAM'S!
WHO'S ADAM?

YOU KNOW... "ADAM'S II"!
OH MY GOD! BY YOURSELF?

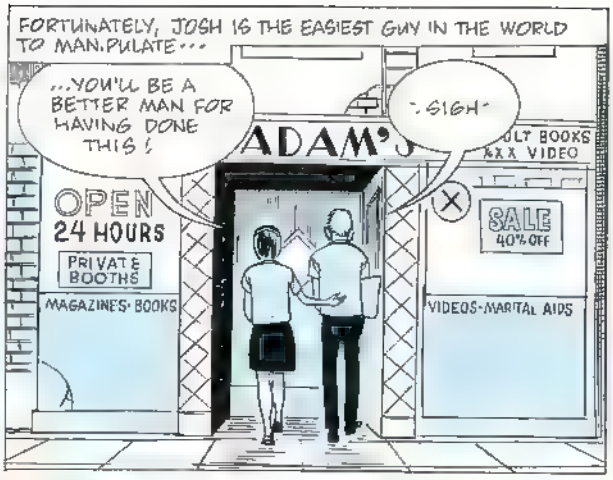
NO! THAT'S THE COOLEST PART! GUESS WHO I WENT WITH?
JOSH!
YES!
NO WAY...

I ABSOLUTELY SWEAR TO GOD!

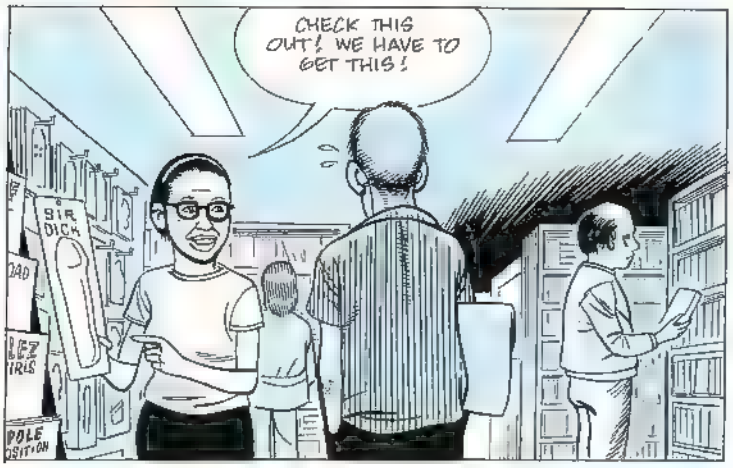

I RAN INTO HIM AT THAT SHITTY RECORD STORE WHERE THERE'S NO PRICE ON ANYTHING, AND THEN WE WALKED AROUND FOR AWHILE AND WE WERE STANDING ON THIS TOTALLY RANDOM CORNER TALKING--
YOU MEAN YOU WERE TALKING!
--AND ALL OF A SUDDEN I'M LIKE "OH MY GOD, THERE'S ADAM'S!"


...BUT I HAVE NO INTEREST IN GOING THERE.
PLEASE JOSH... BECKY AND I ARE DYING TO GO IN THERE BUT WE CAN'T GET ANY BOYS TO TAKE US... PLEEEASE... THINK OF IT AS A SCIENCE EXPERIMENT...
ADAM'S II
ADULT BOO
XX VIDEO
% OFF
OVER 18

I'D RATHER NOT...
I JUST WANT TO GO IN FOR ONE MINUTE! IT'LL BE A RIOT!
NO, IT WON'T.
SALE 40% OFF
FINE! I'LL GO BY MYSELF THEN!

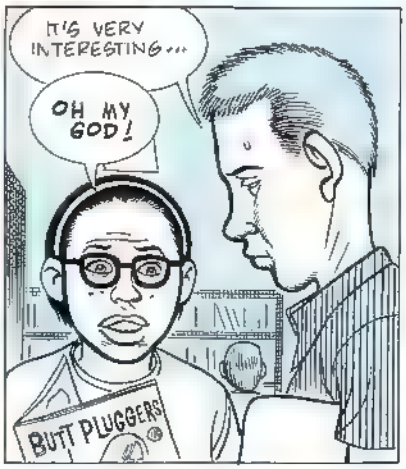

FORTUNATELY, JOSH IS THE EASIEST GUY IN THE WORLD TO MAN.PULATE...
...YOU'LL BE A BETTER MAN FOR HAVING DONE THIS!
-SIGH-
ADAM'S
OPEN 24 HOURS
PRIVATE BOOTHS
MAGAZINES·BOOKS
SALE 40% OFF
VIDEOS·MARITAL AIDS

EWW! LOOK AT ALL THESE CREEPS!
SHH!
OH MY GOD!

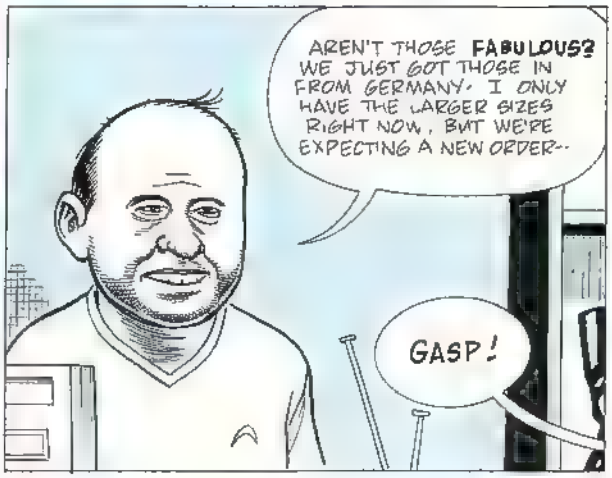

CHECK THIS OUT! WE HAVE TO GET THIS!
SIR DICK
POLE POSITION

I CAN'T BELIEVE ALL THIS STUFF!
THIS IS A TOTAL RIOT!
THE CUNT FOR RED COCKTOBER

LOOK AT THIS--BUTT PLUGGERS!
PLUG ME


IT'S VERY INTERESTING...
OH MY GOD!
BUTT PLUGGERS

HOW MUCH ARE THOSE SHOES?

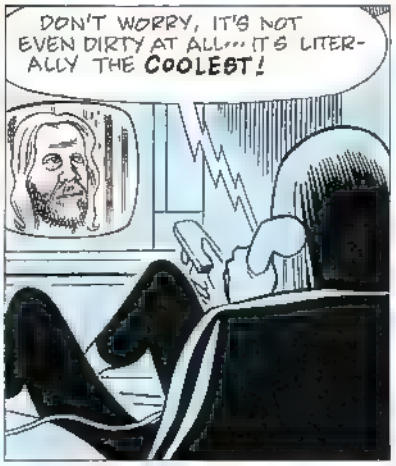

AREN'T THOSE FABULOUS? WE JUST GOT THOSE IN FROM GERMANY. I ONLY HAVE THE LARGER SIZES RIGHT NOW, BUT WE'RE EXPECTING A NEW ORDER--
GASP!

OMIGOD, JOSH -- YOU HAVE TO LEND ME THE MONEY TO BUY THIS!

I'M COMPLETELY BROKE...
PLEEEASE JOSH ...YOU HAVE TO! I'LL PAY YOU BACK... PLEEASE!?

SO WHAT WAS IT?

I'LL SHOW YOU TOMORROW... I'LL WEAR IT!
YIKES!

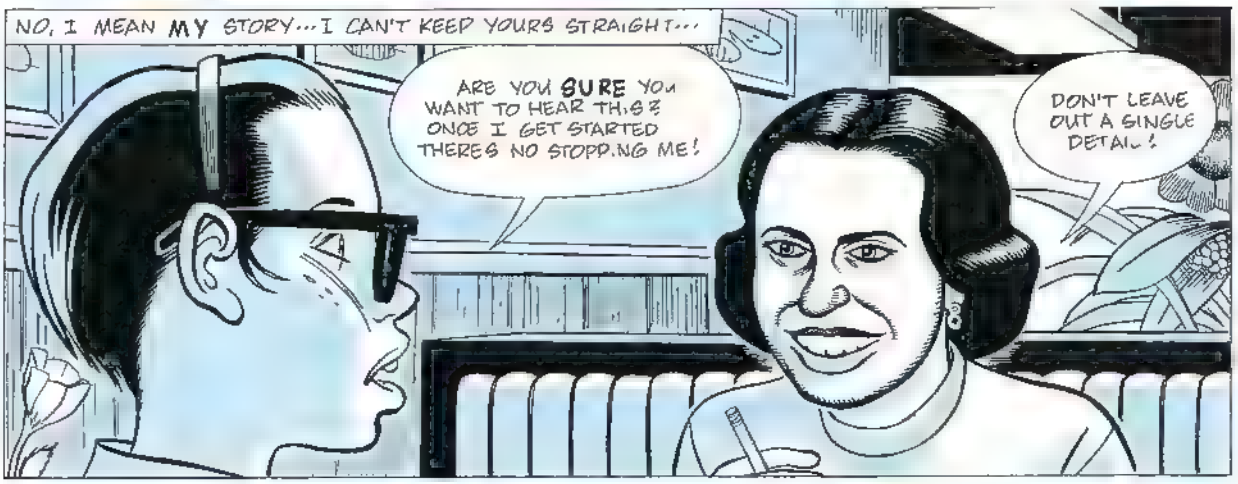

DON'T WORRY, IT'S NOT EVEN DIRTY AT ALL... IT'S LITERALLY THE COOLEST!

DO YOU THINK JOSH IS A VIRGIN?
OBVIOUSLY! TRY TO PICTURE HIM HAVING SEX! I BET HE DOESN'T EVEN JERK-OFF... HE'S ABOVE ALL THAT!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT...
WILL YOU TELL ME YOUR LOSS-OF-VIRGINITY STORY AGAIN?

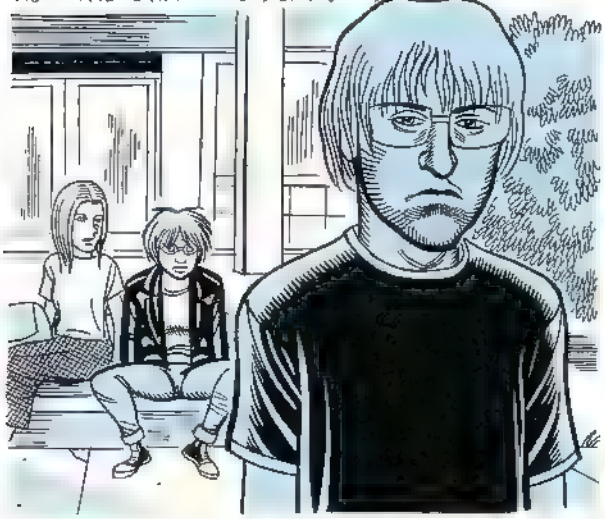
YOU KNOW IT BETTER THAN I DO!

LAST WEEK I TOLD NAOMI THE WHOLE THING IN MINUTE DETAIL AND SHE TOTALLY GOT INTO IT... IT WAS SO MUCH FUN!
YOU TOLD HER ABOUT ME AND MARTIN?!


NO, I MEAN MY STORY... I CAN'T KEEP YOURS STRAIGHT...
ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO HEAR THIS? ONCE I GET STARTED THERE'S NO STOPPING ME!
DON'T LEAVE OUT A SINGLE DETAIL!

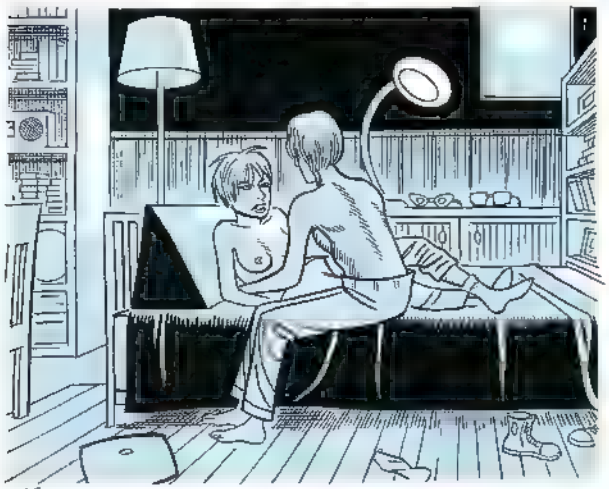
OKAY, SO HERE I AM -- SWEET SIXTEEN AND NEVER BEEN KISSED AND **DYING** TO GET IT OVER WITH BUT ALL THE ELIGIBLE BACHELORS ARE LIKE TOTALLY SLEAZY CREEPS OR TOTAL **DORKS**...

ANYWAY, SO THERE'S THIS SENIOR NAMED ALLEN WEINSTEIN. HE WAS LIKE THIS INTENSE, MOODY HIPPIE WHO SMOKED A **TON** OF POT AND LISTENED TO REGGAE (WHICH WAS A DRAG) BUT **THANK GOD** NOT THE GRATEFUL DEAD!



HE WAS **SUPER-RICH** AND PRETTY FUNNY, AND ONE TIME AT THIS PARTY WE MADE OUT... I LIKED HIM BECAUSE HE ALWAYS SEEMED TOO BUSY FIGURING OUT HIS COUNTER-CULTURE PHILOSOPHY (WHICH, OF COURSE, WAS TOTAL BULLSHIT) TO WASTE TIME WITH GIRLS... Y'KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

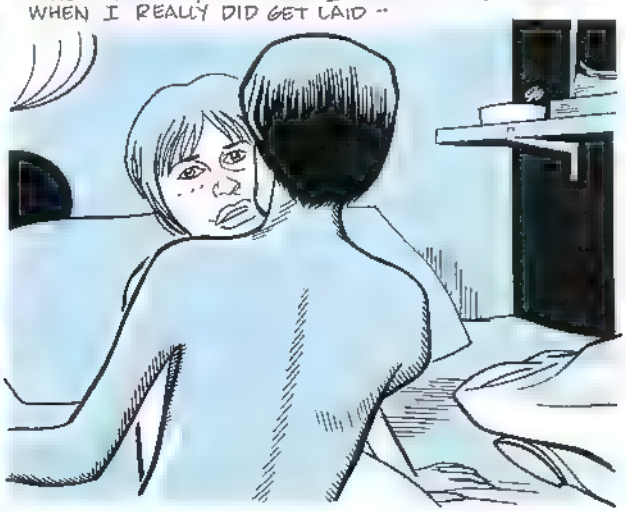
AFTER THAT PARTY WE'D GO OVER TO HIS HOUSE AND MAKE OUT EVERY DAY UNTIL 5 WHEN HIS MOM GOT HOME. SHE WAS LIKE THIS TOTALLY CREEPY SHRINK WHO REALLY FUCKED HIM UP... THAT'S WHY HE WAS INTO ALL THAT STUPID HIPPIE SHIT, I THINK -- BECAUSE HE HATED HIS RICH PARENTS...



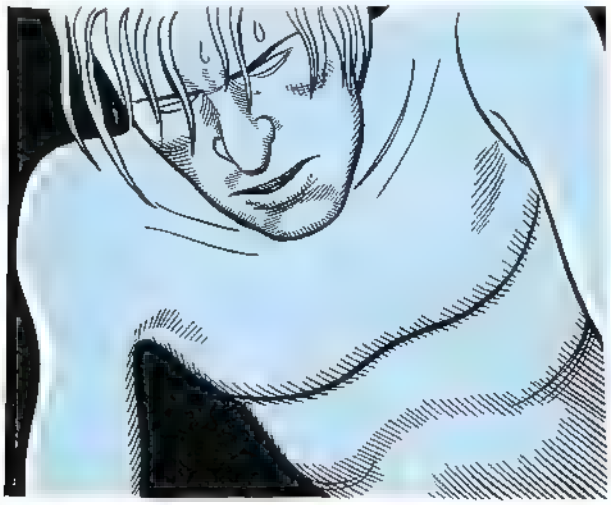
AFTER ABOUT 2 WEEKS WE HAD DONE **EVERYTHING** BUT FUCK... WE'D ALWAYS JUST SORT OF STOP... I KEPT EXPECTING HIM TO PRESSURE ME BUT HE NEVER DID. I WAS READY TO TOTALLY **KICK HIS ASS** IF HE DID!

ANYWAY, I FIGURE NOW'S THE TIME... I MEAN, I WAS SIXTEEN AND EVERYTHING; THAT SEEMS TO BE THE AGE... BECKY AND I PLANNED IT ALL OUT--SHE WAS MORE INTO IT THAN I WAS!

THE BIG DAY WAS A THURSDAY... I MADE HIM DITCH SCHOOL AFTER LUNCH AND WE WENT TO HIS ROOM AND MADE OUT FOR A LONG TIME... I ALMOST CHICKENED OUT BUT I KEPT THINKING THAT BECKY WOULD NEVER TRUST ME AGAIN. I THOUGHT ABOUT LYING ABOUT IT, BUT THEN I COULDN'T TELL HER WHEN I REALLY DID GET LAID--

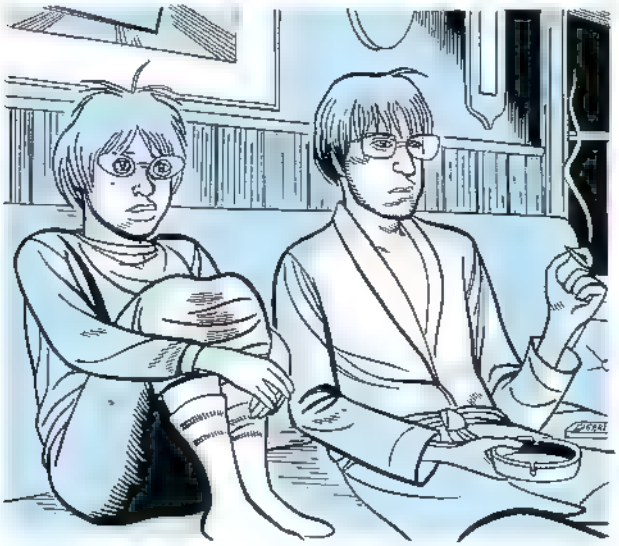


THE TV WAS ON AND HE KNEW I WAS ON THE PILL... I NEVER SAID ANYTHING LIKE, YOU KNOW, '**DO ME!**' OR ANYTHING. IT'S LIKE WE JUST KEPT GOING. HE GOT TOTALLY SERIOUS LIKE HE WAS TRYING REALLY HARD TO PLEASE ME BUT I JUST WANTED IT TO BE OVER. IT DIDN'T REALLY HURT AND I DIDN'T BLEED OR ANYTHING...



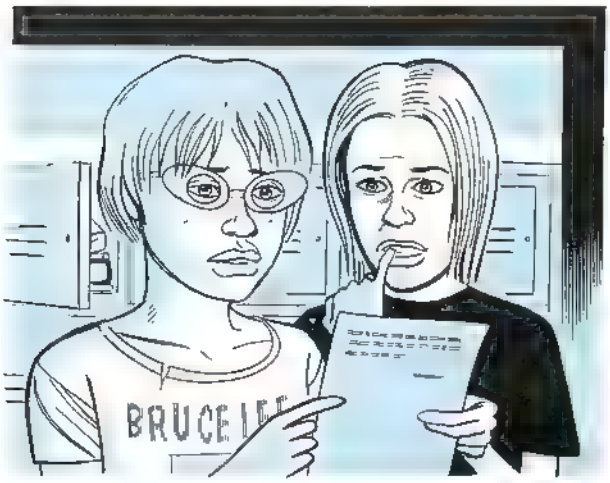
I REMEMBER **THE JEFFERSONS** WAS ON DURING THE WHOLE THING AND I ALMOST CRACKED UP A FEW TIMES.. I WAS TOTALLY AWARE OF EVERY LITTLE THING IN THE ROOM LIKE THAT, WHICH SEEMED WEIRD..

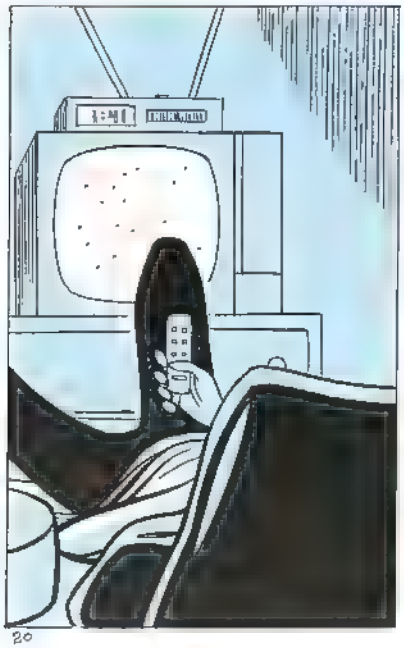
AFTER IT WAS OVER, WE WATCHED STAR TREK IV ON CABLE WITHOUT SAYING A WORD. AFTER THAT I LEFT... I SAID I WAS GOING TO CALL HIM WHEN I GOT HOME BUT OBVIOUSLY I NEVER DID...

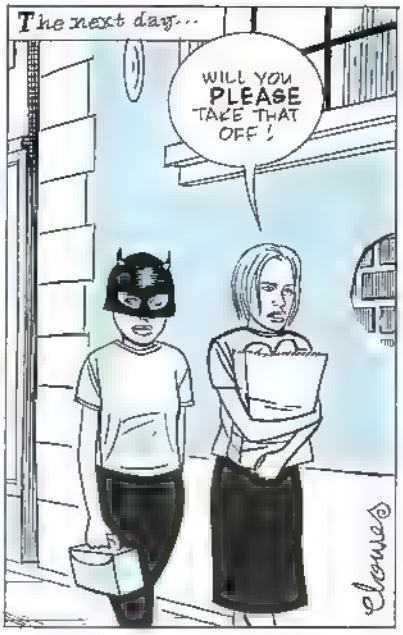


ONCE I GOT OUTSIDE I STARTED TO FEEL REALLY WEIRD.. EVERYBODY WAS CHECKING ME OUT... I KEPT IMAGINING BECKY'S REACTION TO EVERYTHING, ESPECIALLY THE JEFFERSONS.

ANYWAY, AFTER THAT I TOTALLY AVOIDED ALLEN AND NEVER ONCE TALKED TO HIM UNTIL ONE DAY I FIND LIKE THIS **TEN PAGE LETTER** IN MY LOCKER SAYING HOW MUCH HE LOVES ME AND EVERYTHING... I COULDN'T **BELIEVE** IT! IT TURNS OUT IT WAS, OF COURSE, HIS FIRST TIME TOO, EVEN THOUGH HE IMPLIED THAT HE WAS **SUPER EXPERIENCED!**

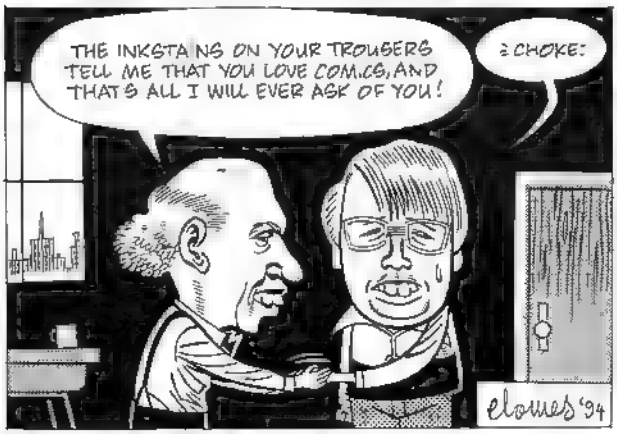






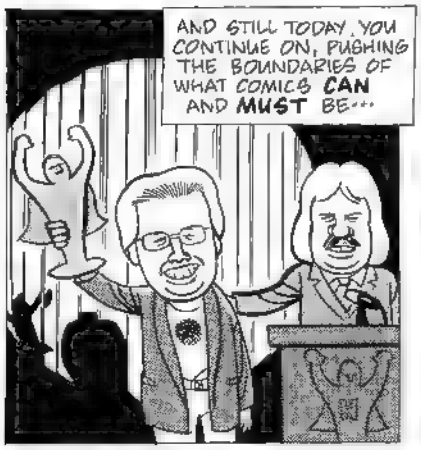
THE DEATH OF DAN PUSSEY

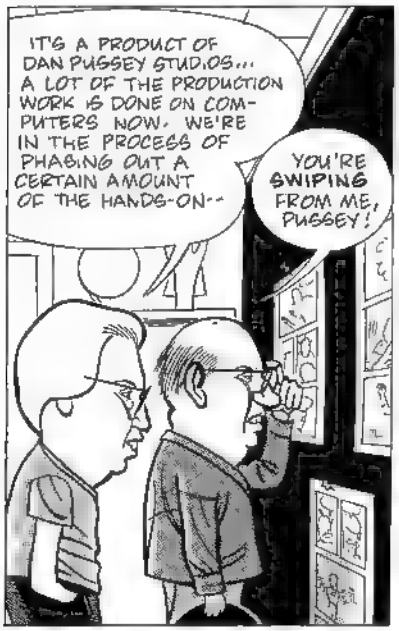
THIS IS YOUR LIFE, DAN PUSSEY! IT'S BEEN A CRAZY ROLLER-COASTER RIDE TO **SUPERSTARDOM** AND NOW IS THE TIME FOR **REFLECTION,** BEGINNING WITH THAT FATEFUL DAY WHEN **DR. INFINITY** FIRST PLUCKED YOU FROM THE OBLIVION OF PAINFUL ADOLESCENCE TO SPEARHEAD HIS BLOSSOMING TEAM OF **YOUNG MYTHMAKERS!**

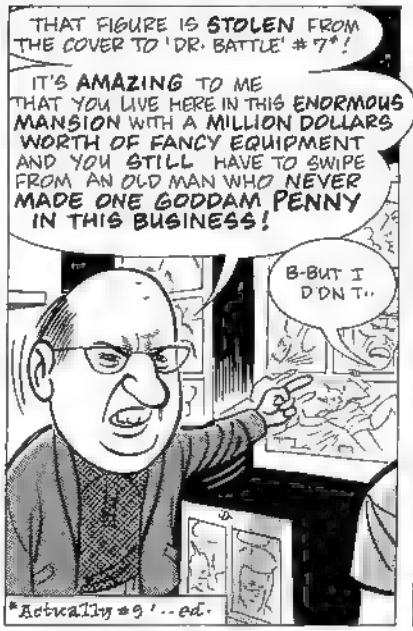


FROM THERE, YOU WOULD WORK TIRELESSLY TO BECOME THE MOST **DYNAMIC** AMONG A STABLE OF EXPLOSIVE TALENTS; THRUSTING **INFINITY COMICS** INTO THE VANGUARD OF GRAPHIC STORYTELLING ALMOST **OVERNIGHT!**

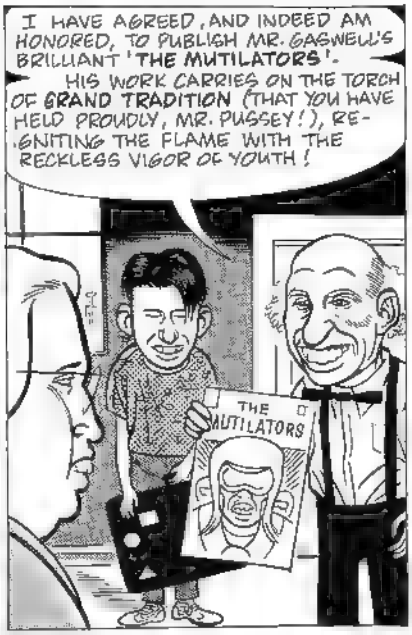
NOT WILLING TO REST ON YOUR CONSIDERABLE LAURELS, YOU CONTINUED TO CHALLENGE YOURSELF (AND YOUR READERS) CREATING YOUR OWN CHARACTERS AND WRITING ORIGINAL SCRIPTS···

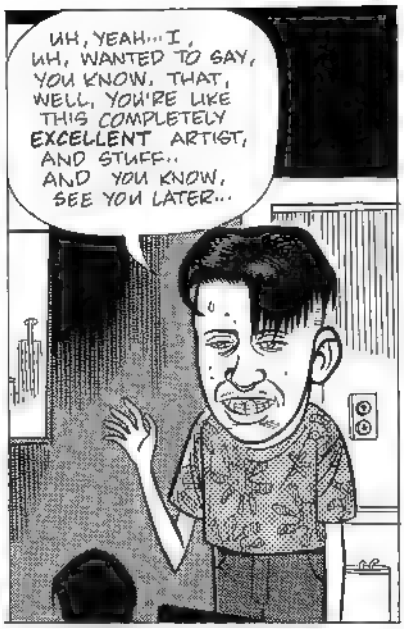


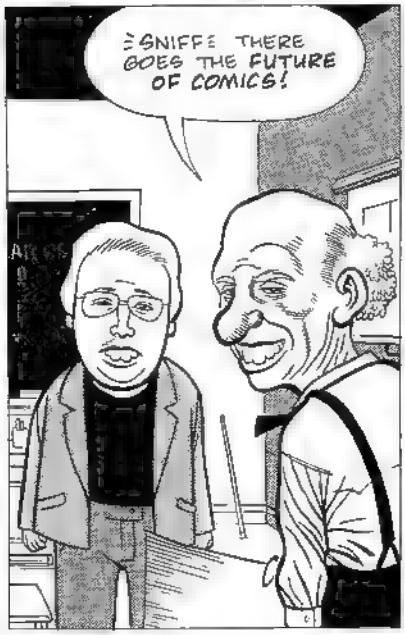




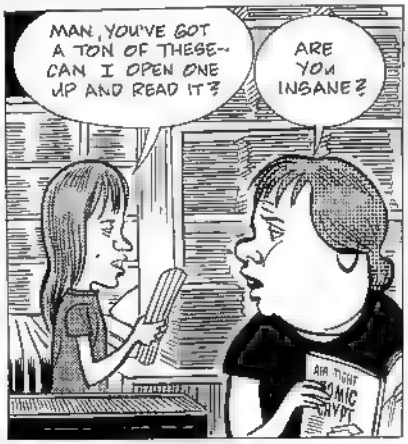
WHAT'S THIS? HAS OUR HERO TAKEN A BRIDE? IT'S LISA HERRICK, FORMER HOMECOMING QUEEN OF YOUNG DAN'S GRADUATING CLASS! AFTER HIGH SCHOOL, SHE MARRIED THE CO-CAPTAIN OF THE FOOTBALL TEAM (WHO NOW RUNS A TIRE SHOP) BUT HER HEART WAS STOLEN AWAY WHEN SHE LEARNED OF DASHING DANIEL'S MEGA-SUCCESS!





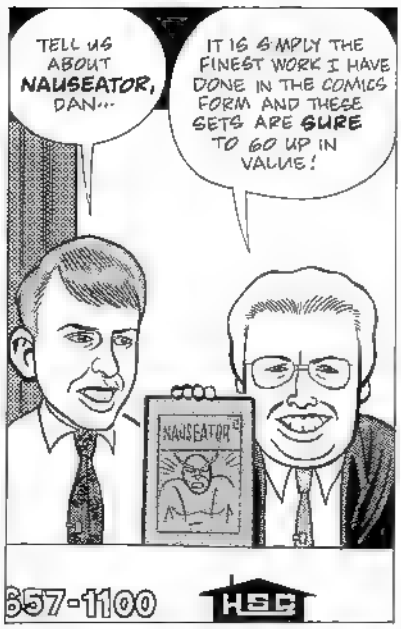


AND WHAT ABOUT COMICS? IT ISN'T LIKE THE OLD DAYS WHEN YOU OR I WOULD GO DOWN TO THE COMIC SHOP AND PICK UP 30 OR 40 TITLES, JUST HOPING TO GET A LITTLE RETURN ON OUR INVESTMENT. TODAY'S COMIC FAN IS A SAVVY INDEPENDENT TRADER, BUYING HUNDREDS OF COPIES OF PRE-BAGGED FIRST ISSUES THAT HE WILL NEVER OPEN!



AND, AS WITH ANY OTHER BUSINESS, IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG FOR WORD OF A HOT PROPERTY TO GET AROUND...

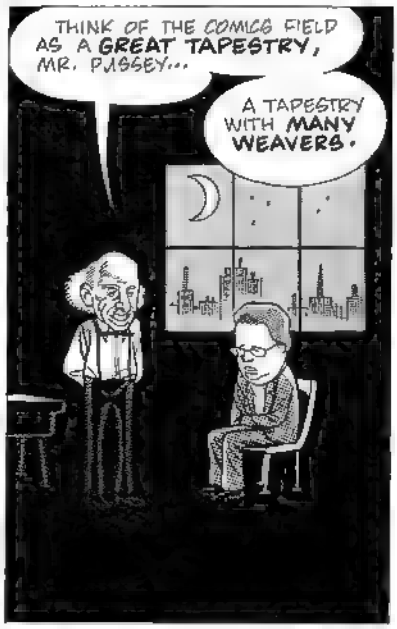
MAYBE YOU AREN'T UNDERSTANDING ME, FOLKS... YOU GET THE COMPLETE SIX-ISSUE RUN OF THE NAUSEATOR MINI-SERIES ENCASED IN LUCITE AND SIGNED BY THE ARTIST DAN PUSSEY, FOR ONLY $59.98!
TIME 2:47
SOLD: 12
17-247
NAUSEATOR
LUCITE SET
6 Comics
Signed By
DAN PUSSEY
$59.98
S&H + 6.95
1-800-657-1100
HSC


TELL US ABOUT NAUSEATOR, DAN...
IT IS SIMPLY THE FINEST WORK I HAVE DONE IN THE COMICS FORM AND THESE SETS ARE SURE TO GO UP IN VALUE!
657-1100
HSC

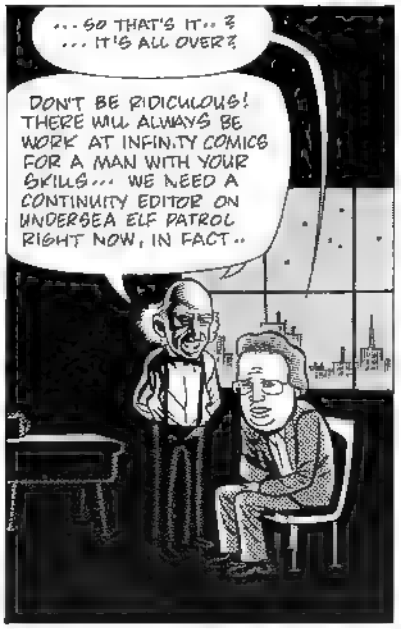
LET'S TAKE A CALL FROM MIKE IN VIRGINIA...
HEY ALLAN, DO YOU GUYS HAVE ANY OF THOSE MUTILATORS CARD SETS LEFT FROM YESTERDAY?
NOT A ONE, MIKE, BUT I'M GLAD YOU CALLED..
0-657-1100
HSC

WATCH THIS SHOW TOMORROW FOR A VERY SPECIAL MUTILATORS ITEM!
OKAY, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO.. IF YOU CALL NOW, THE NAUSEATOR LUCITE SET IS HALF PRICE!... THAT'S ONLY $29.98, FOLKS!
TIME: 1:03
SOLD: 18
17-247
NAUSEATOR
LUCITE SET
6 Comics
Signed By
DAN PUSSEY
$29.98
S&H $6.95
1-800-657-1100
HSC

WHEW!
THAT WAS TOTALLY IN YOUR FACE!
THE MUTILATORS
HELD OVER
NO PASSES
COMING SOON
FAMILY VALUES
THE MUTILATORS


THINK OF THE COMICS FIELD AS A GREAT TAPESTRY, MR. PUSSEY...
A TAPESTRY WITH MANY WEAVERS.

EACH MAN CAN WEAVE, SEW OR EMBROIDER ONLY SO LONG BEFORE HE MUST PASS ON THE NEEDLE ... OURS IS A TAPESTRY OF DREAMS, MY FRIEND, AND YOU HAVE WOVEN A MIGHTY SHARE, BUT DREAMS ARE THE PROVINCE OF THE YOUNG...

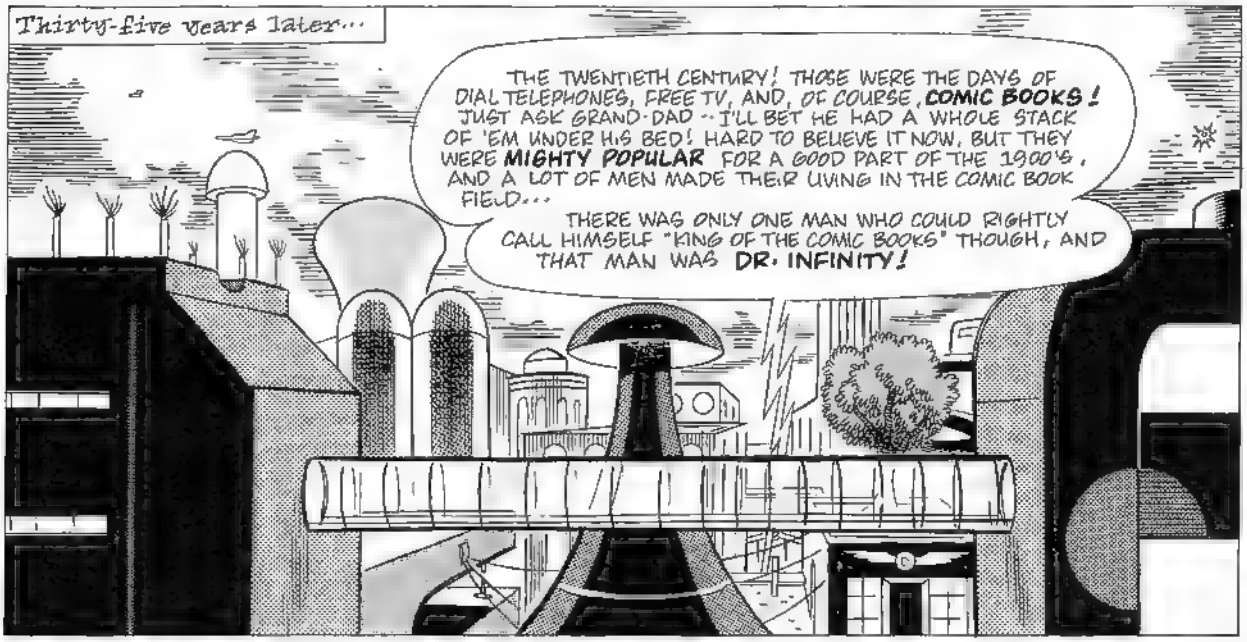

...SO THAT'S IT..?
...IT'S ALL OVER?
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! THERE WILL ALWAYS BE WORK AT INFINITY COMICS FOR A MAN WITH YOUR SKILLS... WE NEED A CONTINUITY EDITOR ON UNDERSEA ELF PATROL RIGHT NOW, IN FACT..

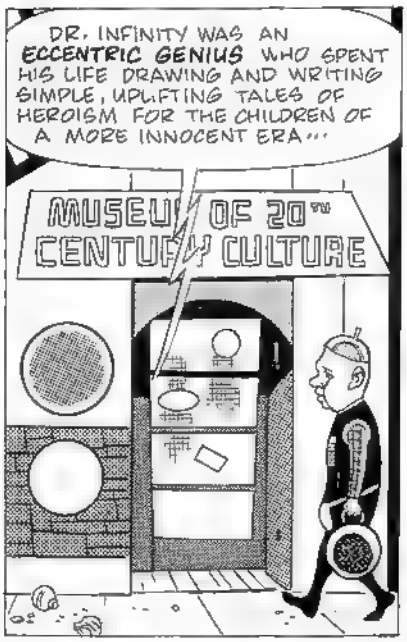
I'M GOING TO HANDLE YOUR CASE PERSONALLY, MRS. PUSSEY... IN LIGHT OF THE HUMILIATION YOU SUFFERED DURING THIS MARRIAGE, I THINK WE'RE ENTITLED TO A LION'S SHARE OF HIS ASSETS.
SPANISH ATTORNEYS AT LAW

I COULDN'T DO IT WITHOUT MY CREW!

BEFORE YOU SEND THAT SCRIPT TO SCHWARTZ, MAKE SURE PUSSEY TAKES A LOOK AT IT.

PUSSEY? CORRECT ME IF I'M WRONG, BUT DON'T HE USED TO BE AN ARTIST?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT, I THINK...


Thirty-five years later...
THE TWENTIETH CENTURY! THOSE WERE THE DAYS OF DIAL TELEPHONES, FREE TV, AND, OF COURSE, COMIC BOOKS! JUST ASK GRAND-DAD -- I'LL BET HE HAD A WHOLE STACK OF 'EM UNDER HIS BED! HARD TO BELIEVE IT NOW, BUT THEY WERE MIGHTY POPULAR FOR A GOOD PART OF THE 1900'S, AND A LOT OF MEN MADE THEIR LIVING IN THE COMIC BOOK FIELD...
THERE WAS ONLY ONE MAN WHO COULD RIGHTLY CALL HIMSELF "KING OF THE COMIC BOOKS" THOUGH, AND THAT MAN WAS DR. INFINITY!


DR. INFINITY WAS AN ECCENTRIC GENIUS WHO SPENT HIS LIFE DRAWING AND WRITING SIMPLE, UPLIFTING TALES OF HEROISM FOR THE CHILDREN OF A MORE INNOCENT ERA...
MUSEUM OF 20TH CENTURY CULTURE

THOUGH THESE STORIES ARE BUT DIM MEMORIES, HAVING FADED FROM OUR THOUGHTS LIKE SO MUCH OF THE PRINTED MATERIAL FROM THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, THE LEGEND OF DR. INFINITY LIVES ON!

HE WAS AS ADEPT AT BUSINESS AS HE WAS AT SPINNING A YARN AND HE DIED A BELOVED MILLIONAIRE. HE WAS BOTH SHOWMAN AND POET; HALF P.T. BARNUM, HALF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN AND ALL AMERICAN!

THE CHILDREN OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HAD THEIR BEST FRIEND IN DR. INFINITY -- A TRUE ORIGINAL WHO REFUSES TO BE FORGOTTEN LONG AFTER HIS WORK HAS FADED INTO ANTIQUITY!
SENIOR COMPLEX 85.9
...THEY...
...THEY SAVED... PRESERVED... MY WORK IN PLASTIC BAGS...
WHAT?
DIDJA HEAR THAT OLD MAN PUSSEY FINALLY KICKED-OFF LAST NIGHT?
I'VE BEEN HOPING HE WOULD DIE... I'M NEXT ON THE LIST FOR HIS ROOM!
VIDEOBIT CHANNEL 1685
DEATHS TODAY OCT. 2, 2029
PUSSETTE, DAWN LYN B. 1974. CANCER. SYSTEMS INPUT AND COMMUNICATIONS EXECUTIVE. SURVIVED BY 5 CHILDREN.
PUSSEY, DANIEL PETER B. 1961. RESPIRATORY FAILURE. WORKED IN PRINTING INDUSTRY AND TELECOMMUNICATIONS. NO SURVIVORS.
PUSSINSKI, AUGUST B. 1949. CANCER. TEXTILE SALESMAN. SURVIVED BY WIFE.
PUSSY, ROBERT HOLGUIN B. 1958. EUTHANIZED. WRITER FOR COWARDLY PARASITE MAGAZINE ON ASSOCIATED
WHADDYA DOIN'? THAT LOOKS LIKE AN OLD GRAPHITE PENCIL... WHERE'D YOU FIND THAT THING? WHADDYA DRAWIN' A PICTURE FOR?
IT'S JUST TO PASS THE TIME.
I KNOW HOW IT IS... SOME TIME BACK, I USED TO MAKE LITTLE ANIMALS OUT OF WET TOILET PAPER.
LOOK WHAT I FOUND UNDER THE BED... WHAT ARE THEY?
OH, YOU KNOW... I FORGET WHAT THEY USED TO CALL THOSE...
NAUSEATOR
WHAT WOULD A GROWN MAN WANT WITH SUCH FOOLISHNESS?
WAS IT SILLY BOOKS?
THE END

GAB BAG

...YOU TEND TO HAVE A LOW OPINION OF YOURSELF (8-BALL #13, P. 23, PANEL 9)... IS ANYTHING WRONG?

ED JENNER
WATKINSVILLE, GA.

...I JUST PICKED UP #13...WHAT HAPPENED TO THE QUALITY? THE PAGES WERE DULL AND SPLOTCHY, CREASED AND SMUDGED. WHO PRINTED THIS SHIT? FANTAGRAPHICS LEADS EVERYONE TO BELIEVE THAT THEY ARE A CHAMPION OF THE 'UNDERGROUND' ARTIST. NOW THE PRICES GO UP AS THE QUALITY GOES DOWN. HOW DISGUSTINGLY AMERICAN. FROM NOW ON I THINK I'LL BE READING THEM IN THE STORE!

QUALEMENDRO
S.F. CA.

YOU'VE GOT A COPY OF THE 1ST PRINTING OF #13 WHICH WAS PRINTED, PRESUMABLY, BY DRUNKEN, BRAIN-DAMAGED PRESS-JACKERS. THE HI-QUALITY 2ND PRINTING IS NOW AVAILABLE AND IS THE THING TO HAVE. 1ST PRINTINGS MAY BE EXCHANGED FOR 2ND PRINTINGS BY SENDING THEM TO FANTAGRAPHICS.

THIS ARRIVED WITHOUT EXPLANATION:
DEAR "CRYSTAL FLUTE",
DO YOU STILL HAVE THE "CRYSTAL FLUTE" ITEM?

W.W. BELLOWS
FT. WORTH, TX.

...ABOUT BLUE ITALIAN SHIT...I'VE HEARD PEOPLE SAY "SUCK" FOR "FUCK" ...MY FORMER CO-WORKER--PICTURE A BITTER, MIDDLEAGED JOE GARAGIOLA--USED TO MUTTER "SUCK BALLS!" ABOUT 10 TIMES A DAY.

RICH FEINBERG
JAMAICA PLAIN, MA.

...USING BAGGE'S CHARACTERS AS MOUTHPIECES FOR YOUR CRITIQUE OF "GEN. X" WASN'T FUNNY. IT WAS WISE OF YOU TO LEAVE THE CHARACTER COMEDY TO BAGGE. HE'S BETTER AT IT!

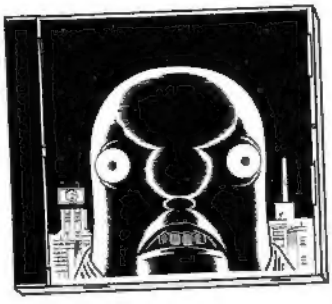
DAN WITTIG
COLUMBIA, MO.

...BECAUSE YOU DEMANDED IT!

NOW ON CD!

LIKE A VELVET GLOVE CAST IN IRON

ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
By VICTOR BANANA



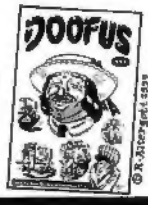
The 10" LP's sold out in record time. Now you, the technologically advantaged, can hear what PULSE called "Brilliant" and FLIPSIDE called "Brilliant" and "Amazing"! All new artwork inside and out!

only $11

BACK ISSUES!

$3 each

And don't miss THIS! Available NOW! GIT IT!

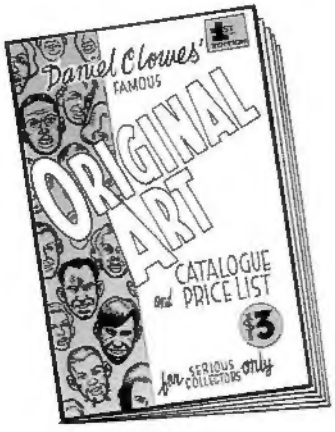


COUPON

SEND ME: ☐ Manly World of LLL
8-Ball # 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 ☐ 4-Issue sub. ($11)
☐ Velvet Glove CD ☐ Doofus #1 ($3)

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS
7563 LAKE CITY WAY, N.E.
SEATTLE, WASH. 98115

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP



...DO YOU SELL ORIGINAL ARTWORK?

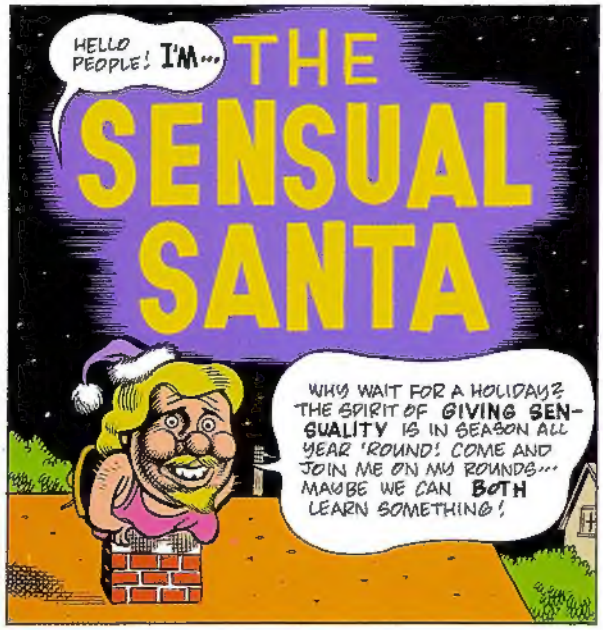
A. PLANT
SHILL, MI.

I AM OFTEN ASKED THIS QUESTION AND THE ANSWER IS "YES, WHAT PAGE(S) ARE YOU INTERESTED IN?" TO WHICH THE REPLY IS "WHAT PAGE(S) DO YOU HAVE LEFT?" THIS HAS LED ME TO PRODUCE A CHEAPLY XEROXED 16-PG. MAIL ORDER CATALOG OF AVAILABLE ART FROM LL, 8-BALL & ELSEWHERE. IT HAS BEEN INTENTIONALLY OVER-PRICED AT $3 POSTPAID (SEND CASH IF POSSIBLE) TO DISCOURAGE CURIOUSITY-SEEKERS. ORDER CATALOG C/O EIGHTBALL (ADDRESS AT RIGHT) NOT FANTAGRAPHICS.

...I LOVE YOUR WORK AS MUCH AS I HATE MYSELF. I WANT TO TRAP YOU IN A CABIN AND CRIPPLE YOU LIKE KATHY BATES AND MAKE YOU DRAIN DAN PUSSEY OVER AND OVER FOR ME AND ONLY ME. OKAY?

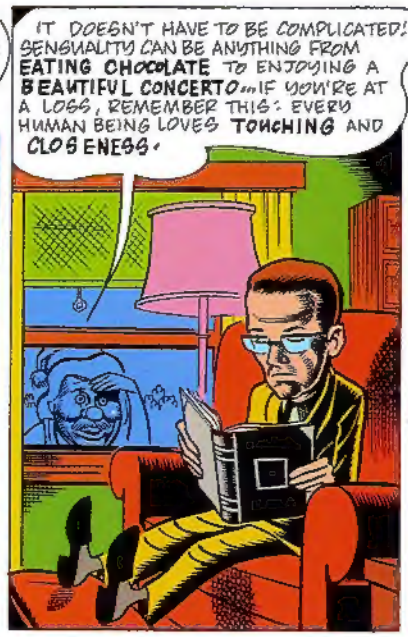
MARGARET CHO
LOS ANGELES, CA.

WRITE TO US AT:
EIGHTBALL C/O D.CLOWES
2140 SHATTUCK AVE #2107
BERKELEY, CA. 94704 USA


HELLO PEOPLE! I'M...
THE SENSUAL SANTA
WHY WAIT FOR A HOLIDAY? THE SPIRIT OF GIVING SENSUALITY IS IN SEASON ALL YEAR 'ROUND! COME AND JOIN ME ON MY ROUNDS... MAYBE WE CAN BOTH LEARN SOMETHING!

CHILDREN ESPECIALLY NEED TO DISCOVER EARLY ON THAT GIVING IS NOT ABOUT TOYS OR VIDEO GAMES OR HOW MUCH SOMETHING COSTS!
REMEMBER- CHILDREN ARE LITTLE PEOPLE!
CLICK!

I'D MUCH RATHER RECEIVE A GIFT THAT INVOLVES WARM, SENSUAL HUMAN INTERACTION THAN SOME SILLY GIZMO... WOULDN'T YOU?
FOR A PERFECT BACKRUB, TRY CINNAMON BODY OIL AND MAKE SURE YOU'RE GROUNDED!
RUB RUB
RUB
MASSA LOTIP


IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE COMPLICATED! SENSUALITY CAN BE ANYTHING FROM EATING CHOCOLATE TO ENJOYING A BEAUTIFUL CONCERTO... IF YOU'RE AT A LOSS, REMEMBER THIS: EVERY HUMAN BEING LOVES TOUCHING AND CLOSENESS.

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR A GLUM CHUM MIGHT BE A SIMPLE ACT OF BEAR-HUGGERY THAT LASTS AN EXTRA LONG TIME!
IT SURE BEATS A STUPID OL' NECKTIE, AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO WRAP IT!

THIS ISN'T ABOUT S-E-X, PEOPLE! SENSUALITY IS NOT A NAUGHTY WORD! MANY MEN AND WOMEN PREFER NAKED CUDDLING (BY CANDLELIGHT IS A PLUS) TO ACTUAL YOU-KNOW-WHAT! IT'S ABOUT CONNECTING AND SHARING AND HELPING EACH OTHER TO FEEL SPECIAL! THAT'S WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A GIVER!

BE A SENSUAL SANTA! IT'S CONTAGIOUS!
I hereby apologize to each and every reader.. D. Clowes

Scanned By:

Avenant